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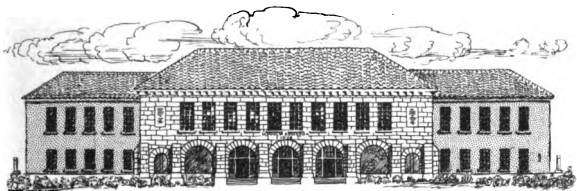
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Edith Carrington



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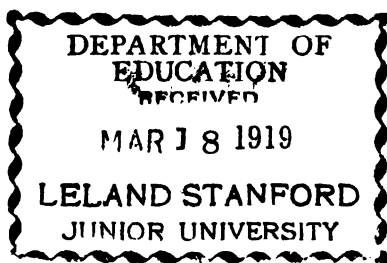
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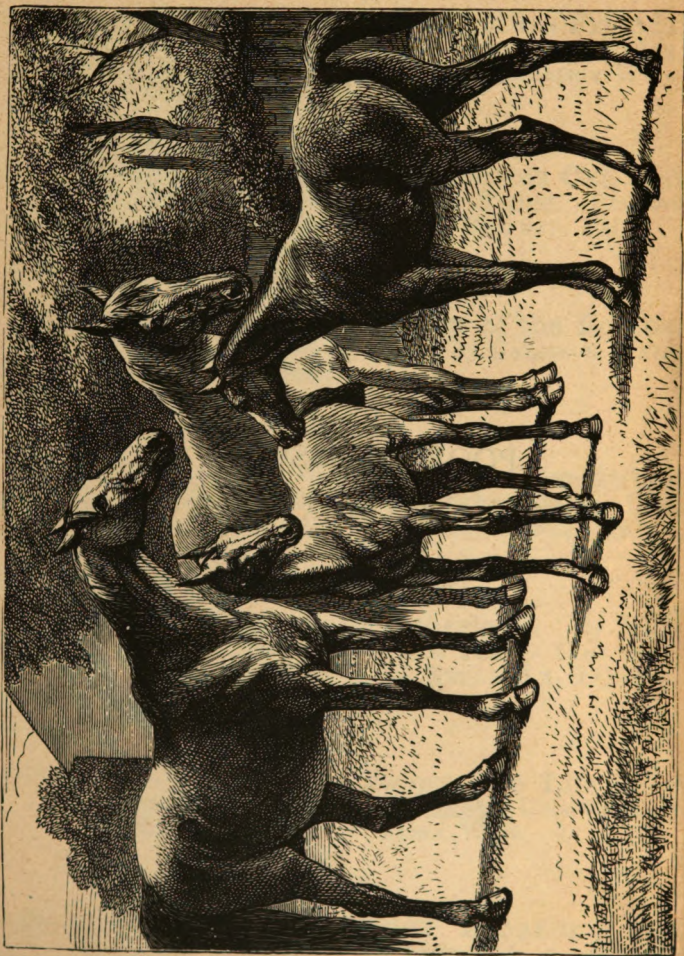
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POOR BLOSSOM
THE STORY OF A HORSE



POOR BLOSSOM

THE STORY OF A HORSE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEDDY AND ME"

Edith Carrington

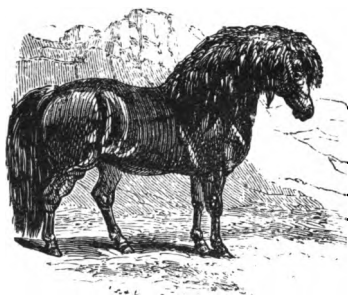
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GEORGE BELL AND SONS
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PREFACE.

“ POOR BLOSSOM,” which is reprinted here by arrangement with Messrs. Partridge and Co., is such an old favourite, that no apology is needed for its reappearance. The appendix of “ Anecdotes of Horses ” has been compiled from various sources, with the addition of original matter by Miss Edith Carrington.



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No. _____

POOR BLOSSOM.

MY BIRTHPLACE.

THE first thing that I remember is a green field inclosed by a stiff fence, where I was running about by my mother's side. I cannot call to mind the earliest days of my existence, but I am sure that I was not more than a fortnight old when my mother gave me my first lesson in life—a lesson I have never forgotten. My mother was a fine bay mare, the property of Mr. Bayne, a farmer, who seems to have treated her very kindly ; indeed I have never heard any horse speak better of a master than my mother was accustomed to speak of the man who owned her.



“He has never laid a whip upon me,” she would say with a proud toss of her head ; “he has a heart far too kind for that sort of thing, and he knows I always do my best—and what horse can do more, I wonder.”

But to return to the lesson she gave me. I was

ambling by her side when Mr. Bayne entered the field, and my mother, as she usually did, ran up to him to be caressed and fed with some trifling luxury, such as a slice of carrot or bit of sugar. I kept by her side until we reached him; then I, purely from playfulness, turned and kicked at him, lightly—you know—not by any means in a way to hurt him, I assure you.

“Woa, there,” shouted Mr. Bayne; “vicious are you, my youngster? the mother’s blood don’t seem to run in you.”

He said nothing more, but having fed and stroked my mother, he went out of the field, and left us together. Then I received the lesson to which I have alluded.

“How very wrong of you,” she said, “to kick at so good and kind a master.”

“It was only in play,” I replied, hanging my head and feeling rather foolish.

“I know it was so,” she returned; “but it was wrong of you nevertheless. Some men are so stupid that they do not know play from vice in a horse, and only few of them seem really to understand us. They often reprove us when we endeavour to do right, and you will be beaten if you do not curb your propensity to play.”

“Were you ever beaten?” I asked.

“Once I had a very cruel master,” said my mother with a sigh; “but I do not care to talk about it. If ever it should be your lot to find such a man you will know enough about it then.”

“But why did you endure it?” I asked; “are you not stronger than man? Why did you not kick?”

"My child," said my mother impressively, "do not talk so idly: we are created the lawful servants of man, and it is our *duty* to submit. If he is kind we repay him tenfold: if he is cruel we must do our duty still, and the sin of cruelty be upon his head. Besides, we are in his power—he has so many things at his command, and if we disobey him he can put us to great pain. You will learn that when you come to be broken."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"Your training so that you may be useful to man," returned my mother; "you will have to do your work one day with the rest of us."

There was a pause after this, and my mother cropped the sweet grass while I meditated. My curiosity was aroused with regard to this creature who ruled over us, and I soon renewed the subject.

"Tell me more about our master, man," I said; "I am very anxious to learn something about him."

"He is a strange creature," said my mother; "as much a puzzle to himself as to the rest of the created world. He is very clever in some things and very stupid in others; for instance, he knows nothing of *our* language, although we understand *his* perfectly. If Giles—that is Mr. Bayne's foreman—bids me go here or there, I understand him without rein or whip; and yet when he was ploughing in the ten-acre field, and I pulling up told him as plainly as I could that we were near a piece of hollow ground, he would not understand me, but made me go on—and then the ground gave way and we were almost buried alive.'

I MEET RIP.

"How did you know that the ground was hollow?" said I.

"By the sound," said my mother; "I don't think they ever found out what the hollow was—but there it was, as the uneven ground will testify. Giles afterwards did me the credit to tell his master that I had pulled up, and my doing so was considered to be re-



markably clever, but I thought nothing of it."

"Giles must be very, very stupid," I remarked.

"Not more than most men," said my mother; "but they are very clever at some things—they build houses, make carts and harness; but still they are inferior to us in many things. Now there is Mr. Martin's Boxer, who is very clever indeed; you know Mr. Martin?"

"The farmer who drinks so?" I said.

"That's the man," rejoined my mother. "He goes every Saturday to market, and returns home in a state of helpless intoxication; *he* doesn't know the way home a bit, but Boxer brings him safely to the door, along the dark roads, and through the narrow lanes, much better than any man could do, and yet that fellow Martin—I cannot call

him anything less—very often beats Boxer most cruelly.”

“I am sure *he* ought to be kicked,” I said, indignantly.

“*Duty* forbids, my dear child,” replied my mother ; “a proper-minded horse never kicks one who is appointed to be his master ; but some kick and bite too ; many of these are naturally bad, *but I am certain that most of them are made bad through ignorant and cruel training.* But even that is no excuse ; if man forgets his duty to the horse, the horse never ought to forget his duty to man : remember this, my child, act up to it, and you won’t regret it in your old age.”

I promised to remember, and although I was young, and therefore rather thoughtless, I really took this lesson to heart, and found it of excellent service to me throughout my varied life.

It is not my intention to dwell upon my early days, but I must say a few words more about the paddock—the dear old paddock where I first breathed the pure air. Ah ! I can see it now, and would that I was there. I can see the narrow peaceful stream gliding away from the water-mill, as if in calm satisfaction of having at least for the time performed its duty. I hear the murmur of the wheel as it turns and turns, now in the shadow, now in the sunlight ; and the lark’s song is in my ear again, and I smell the sweet-scented clover in the field, and the mignonette growing by the cotter’s garden gate ; and I see the sloping roof of the old farmhouse peeping out from the ivy clinging lovingly to its walls. Oh, home of the springtime of my life, it is all before my mind. But

these eyes of mine shall never see thee more, nor shall my ears be charmed again with the hum of the bee, the song of the lark, or the murmur of the water-wheel. It is all over now. But let me not anticipate, or waste time in useless regrets, for I have a long story before me and but a short time to tell it in.

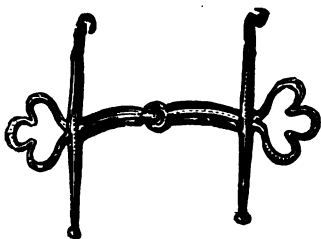
To resume. When I was about five months old, another mare and foal were put into the paddock. The mare was an old acquaintance of my mother, and the two were soon gossiping together; but the foal was of course a stranger to me. He informed me that his name was "Rip," and I told him—what I might have told my readers before—that Mr. Bayne had named me "Blossom." This introductory business over, we became excellent friends, and capered about the paddock in fine style. Rip was a better looking foal than I was—he was better bred, and had I believe something of the race-horse in him; he told me that his great-grandfather, on his mother's side, had nearly won a big race once, and this Rip seemed to be very proud of. I felt sorry for him on account of this weakness—it was so much like a man to be proud of such a ridiculous thing.

Rip told me a deal of news which he seemed to have picked up from a number of horses in Farmer Martin's meadow, where he had been with his mother. He knew Boxer, and spoke highly of him as a long-suffering and much-enduring horse; but he said that Boxer was getting tired of doing all he could for the farmer at night and getting beaten in the morning.

I LEAVE MY MOTHER.

"I SHOULD not be surprised," continued Rip in a whisper, "if Boxer upsets the farmer in the pond by 'The Wheatsheaf,' and leaves him there."

A few weeks before I should have expressed my approval of this ; but my mother's lesson had borne fruit, and I earnestly hoped that Boxer would not so forget himself. Rip, however, favoured the idea of the pond trick, and said that if Boxer did not carry out his threat he should think he was but a poor, mean-spirited thing. In all this I detected, as my readers have doubtless done, the racing blood of Rip's great-grandfather on his mother's side.



Those were very happy days in the old paddock. Rip and I enjoyed ourselves amazingly, even when we were left alone, which occasionally happened if our mothers were put into the waggon ; but sometimes Giles fetched them for the plough, and then we youngsters went with our mothers and saw the earth ripped up by the terrible implement and smelt the fresh soil as it was turned over into the sunlight. I was always of a sober and reflective turn, and never lost the chance of ruminating upon anything which came under my notice ; but Rip was rather giddy—I am afraid I ought to say thoughtless too—and gave his mother a deal of anxiety and trouble. I have

heard the poor creature declare a hundred times that he would be the death of her; but Rip always laughed at such declarations, and said that he would grow better some day.

"If we don't have some fun now," he would say, "we never shall. It is all very well for those old fogies to talk, but they were not always so sober as they are now, I give you my word."

I could not help laughing at Rip, he was so droll; but I really feared that he was getting into a bad way, and it seemed such a pity, for Rip grew handsomer and handsomer every day, while I, although improving, was but a poor plain animal at the best.

"Rip will have a gentleman for a master," I heard Mr. Bayne say one day to Giles.

"And who will have Blossom, sir?" asked Giles.

"I think Mr. Crawshay will have him," replied Mr. Bayne, and all that night I wondered what Mr. Crawshay was like, and whether he was as good, or better, or worse than a gentleman. Rip pretended to know him, and told me that he often drove his horses to death; but Rip frequently said idle things when he was in a joking mood, and I did not mind him.

We passed the winter in the farm belonging to Mr. Bayne, and during the long evenings my mother prepared me for the life which was now not far ahead. She told me to be tractable when the horse-breaker took me in hand, and I should escape a deal of punishment and pain. She also prepared me for our parting, and told me that when it came we should probably lose sight of each other for ever. The example of her fortitude gave me strength, and for her sake I did my

best to conceal the pain the prospect of parting gave me. As for Rip, he seemed to trouble his mind very little about it, but looked forward to the new life as something to rejoice over.

One day in the spring the parting came. A tall, strong man, clad in velveteen, made his appearance on the farm, and Rip and I were sent with him to the paddock to be "broken in."

Resolved to be tractable, I yielded myself to the man in velveteen, and he put some leather straps over my head, and a piece of iron in my mouth, and then he got upon my back. His weight was very disagreeable to me, and seemed to destroy in a moment the sense of freedom which I had hitherto enjoyed. My first impulse was to kick out and try to throw him, but the warning I had received from my mother, with the addition of the iron in my mouth, checked me. Obeying the rider's touch, I made the best of his weight, and ran to and fro in the field, turning when he pulled the reins, which he did unnecessarily hard ; and obeying even the pressure of his knees—in fact, acting in accordance with his wishes to the best of my ability.

WE ARE BROKEN IN.

IN about half an hour Mr. Bayne came into the field, and the man in velveteen guided me up to him.

"This will be a capital nag for a lady," he said ; "a young lady learning to ride will be very glad of him."

"I have sold him to Mr. Crawshay," replied Mr. Bayne, "and they will use him both to ride and drive."

"Just the very animal," said the man, and then he got off my back and went to Rip, who all this time had remained fretting and fuming with his head tied to a gate. Mr. Bayne took charge of me, and the man in velveteen released Rip.

"Woa there," he cried, as my friend gave a violent plunge; "steady there—will you? Here's a horse of another colour. Quiet there!"

But Rip would not be quiet, and I was sorry for it, as I knew what would but too surely follow.

I was spared the scene, however, for Mr. Bayne, loosening the halter round my neck, led me back to the stable; but as I left the field I heard the man in velveteen shouting in an angry tone, and then I was certain that Rip had foolishly shown resistance. By the stable-door we came upon Giles the ploughman, who inquired with an air of interest how I had behaved.

"Like a good-tempered little fellow," replied Mr. Bayne, patting me, and a thrill of satisfaction ran through my body. I felt that I had done my duty.

They left me in the stall, and I had nearly an hour to think over the process of breaking in. I cannot say that I liked it; the weight of a man upon my back seemed to take away my liberty, as I said before; and yet it was not entirely inharmonious to my nature—it was more novel than disagreeable.

"Man is certainly created our master," I thought; "he was quite at ease upon my back, and sat as if it were perfectly natural to him, and that is the reason, no doubt, why my back is so long and broad. Man was certainly *not* created to carry *us*. Then he has



BROKEN.

hands to drive, and we have not. Yes, man is our master, and my mother is right—it is our duty to submit.”

Thus I reasoned until the hour was passed and Rip was brought home. Giles and the man in velveteen led him in and put him into the next stall to mine. The man in velveteen looked very hot, but he was not angry—in fact he had rather a pleased look upon his face.

“I don’t care to have them all easy like this chap,” he said, addressing Giles and pointing at me; “I like to have them try a trick or two on me, and then I can show who is master. The rougher they are the more I can come out—and it was by breaking in the rough ones that I made my name.”

“Rip is full of play,” said Giles.

“Is he?” replied the other sarcastically. “*You* may call it play, but *I* don’t; when a horse kicks out at all sides of the compass, and bites at you like a fury, I calls it vice, and that’s the thing I know how to cure. I gives them plenty of physic for it—whip and spur without stint, and they soon gives in.”

He then left the stable in company with Giles, and I, knowing that Rip had gone through a fierce fight, waited for him to speak of it. But he was silent, and after the lapse of five minutes I peeped over the partition to get a look at my friend. Poor Rip! never shall I forget the change which had come over him. His handsome head was no longer erect, but hung low in a dejected manner; the fire had left his brilliant eye, and his fine velvet-like mouth was bleeding; it was plain the fight had gone against him.

"Why did you resist?" I asked in a sympathizing tone.

"It is cruel work," he replied, with a big sob which seemed to shake his frame. "It is not fair—he had a whip and spurs, and the bit cut my mouth like a knife. Look at my sides."

I looked, and saw that the satin coat was scored and scratched by the spurs, and broad weals of flesh stood up where the whip had been. I was so sorry for my friend that I could say nothing, but only shed a few quiet tears.

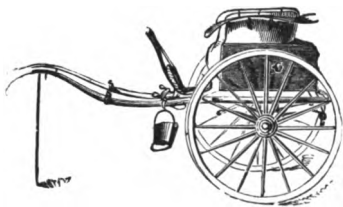
THE BREWERY.

AFTER a time we resumed our talk.

"If he had been kind," sobbed Rip, "I would have obeyed him; but he began by saying that he knew I should give him a deal of trouble, and that he would stand none of my nonsense. How could he expect a horse of spirit to endure such language?"

"Perhaps you showed that you meant resistance," I said gently.

"I may have done so a little," replied Rip; "but what could be more natural? and when I gave in—which I was obliged to do, for what can we do against the bit, and whip, and spur?—when I gave in he was not easy, but continued to beat me until liquid fire



seemed to run through every vein of my body: it was cruel—cruel.”

I did my best to console Rip, and after a time he became calmer. We were left to ourselves during the evening, and I took the opportunity to reason with him, and before we lay down to rest I had the satisfaction of hearing that it was his intention to abandon all resistance in the future.

On the morrow we were taken in hand again, and I was put into the shafts of a cart and driven to and fro. The rattle of the wheels was very disagreeable at first, but I resolved not to show any signs of fear lest my movements should be taken for resistance, and eventually I became accustomed to it, and received a second kind acknowledgment from my master in the form of a patting and a piece of sugar.

Rip underwent a second course of the saddle, and wisely gave in to the hand of his master; but the resistance of the day before had gone against him, and nobody seemed to place entire faith in his docility. I heard the man in the velveteen tell Mr. Bayne that Rip was a tricky youngster, and would require a tight hand to be kept over him for a year or two; so much for first impressions!

About a week after this I left the farm. My going was very sudden, and I had neither time nor opportunity to take leave of any of those I loved. A man came for me, and I learned that he was Mr. Crawshay's groom. He put a saddle upon my back, and got into it with the easy confidence of a man who could trust the animal he was riding. My mother was away in a team which Giles was driving to some

distant town, and Rip was in the hands of his trainer ; so without a single word of adieu I turned my back upon the farm and left it behind me—for ever.

Of course I had been picturing to myself the style of home I was going to, and as might have been expected I found it quite opposite to the creation of my mind. I had portrayed to myself a house something like that upon the farm, but larger and grander, and surrounded by trees and flowers all carefully arranged, with a fine lawn in the centre ; but instead of this I found that my new master lived in the heart of a large country town named Upton, and the ground around it, instead of being devoted to the cultivation of flowers, was sacrificed to the art of making beer. My new master was, in short, a brewer, and his house adjoined his place of business.

I am not going into the question of strong drink—a little concerning that will be found further on ; for the present I confine myself to my master and his family. Mr. Crawshay was a stout, florid man, with a loud voice which many people called genial—perhaps it was, sometimes—but I have heard that same voice address his wife and daughter in a tone anything but genial.

Personally I had no connection with the brewery, but was especially reserved for the use of Mrs. Crawshay and her daughter. Mrs. Crawshay was an invalid, and only went out in a waggonette, which I had the honour of drawing, and when not required in that capacity, Miss Crawshay put on her habit and used me for equestrian purposes. Both these ladies were kind to me—I liked them very much, and used to prick up my ears whenever I heard their voices.

THE DRUNKARD.

MY new mistress, the younger lady, was especially fond of me, and often came to the stable to feed me with some nicety, an apple and so on, out of her delicate hand. Mrs. Crawshay being quite an invalid was unable to perform the same kindness, but I have heard her, at least fifty times, tell the servant, as I stood at the door, to bring me a biscuit ; and whenever the morning drive was ended she was always very



particular in her injunctions to the groom to take great care of me, and he being in that respect a very excellent fellow, certainly made me as comfortable as a horse could be.

I cannot tell how it was, I suppose it was instinct, but from the first moment I entered this service I felt sorry for my two mistresses. There was a quiet, patient look on their faces which I did not understand then, but which I thoroughly understand now—and Mr. Crawshay and his loud, genial voice had something to do with the look you may be sure.

I never was a great favourite with the brewer—he did not dislike me, but he took no interest in me. Never once did he either ride or drive me, but he kept for his use a tall, conceited creature, who always turned up his nose at my quiet ways, and called me a “draught horse;” and whenever we met, as we sometimes did with Mr. Crawshay on his back, he passed

me as if he had never seen me before, although we spent our leisure time in the same stable.

Little pitchers have large ears: so have horses, and I soon picked up enough from the groom and the housemaid, who were often chatting together, to learn that genial Mr. Crawshay was a perfect brute to his wife and daughter, and he had bought me because he had a great dislike to have anything, even a horse, in common with them. To the outer world a horse and chaise for his wife and daughter was an act of liberality, but to the inner life of that wretched home it was deliberate isolation.

Looking back, I remember with mingled joy and pain the kindness I received from that mother and child. Never a morning passed without the daughter visiting the stable, and, as I have declared before, they always expressed a vast amount of anxiety respecting my condition and welfare, which was very delightful to hear. My home, in short, apart from the little anxiety and grief I felt for my two kind mistresses, was a very happy one.

The groom's name was Richards, and he was a very fair groom in a general way, but he had a failing very common to his class—he was fond of drink. Sometimes he would be sober for a month, and then he would, as Mrs. Crawshay expressed it, "break out"—that is, he would begin drinking early in the morning and do little else throughout the day, and tumble into his bed, which was in a room above the stables, in a state which would have disgraced the very lowest order of brutes; I am certain that even a pig would have been ashamed of it.

Mrs. Crawshay very often reproved him in a quiet way, and did her best to reform the man ; but he was too near the brewery—he lived in the very centre of temptation, and he was not strong enough to resist it. From Mr. Crawshay he received nothing but oaths and threats, which had less effect upon the groom than the kind admonition of his mistress ; and he would go on in this sad way for about a week, and then suddenly turn to sobriety again. I have often wondered what possible gratification Richards could



derive from this outburst, for it always made him very ill and wretched, and for days afterwards he would skulk about more like a criminal burdened with crime than an honest, hard-working man.

This habit proved fatal to him, and brought a great misfortune upon me. One night, when Richards was in the stable putting all right for the night, Mr. Crawshay came in with a letter in his hand.

"Richards," he said, "put Blossom into the dog-cart and drive over to Mr. Turner's. You have nothing to do but leave the letter and bring back a portmanteau which his man will give you. Keep it in your room for the night, and bring it into the house in the morning."

Richards, accustomed to obey, made no demur, and quickly harnessed me to the dog-cart, and drove to Mr. Turner's residence, a house about twelve miles

from Upton. The letter was delivered, and a servant brought out a portmanteau, with an injunction to Richards to be careful, as it contained deeds and papers of importance. Richards replied that he knew his business, and always took care of everything, and drove away with a self-satisfied air.

A DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

IT was now about ten o'clock, and an autumn moon was shining brightly as I trotted briskly towards home. I was always of a sober turn, and never cared for late hours ; some horses may like them, but they don't suit me, so I put my best foot foremost, resolved to get home with the least possible delay. Richards also seemed bent upon getting back, until we came in sight of a roadside inn, with its well-lighted windows standing out boldly to invite him in. The unfortunate man could not resist the temptation, but steered straight for the beacon which decoyed him to his ruin, and pulled up at the door. An ostler came, and Richards, before going in, told the man that he would be out again in a minute, and that he need not trouble about me, as I would stand perfectly quiet ; he then passed through the doorway and left me to my reflections.

The minute passed, and other minutes were added to it, and Richards did not return. Two other carts came up, and the drivers went in also ; and then I heard shouts and laughter, and Richards asking them what they would have to drink, so I concluded

that he had met with some old friends—not knowing what I know now, that men under the influence of drink make bosom friends of all comers, and spend their money in the wildest and most foolish manner.

I was kept waiting an hour, and then Richards reeled out in company with the other drivers and about half a dozen other men. They were all in a maudlin state of drunkenness, swearing eternal friendship, and declaring that every man there assembled was a glorious fellow, without an equal in the known world.

Two of the men were going to Upton, and Richards volunteered to drive them home. They got up, both in front, which was too bad, as their weight pressed very heavily upon me. Sober, Richards would have noticed this, and shifted the body of the cart; but being intoxicated, he neither knew nor cared how much their weight pressed upon me, nor how great my sufferings in consequence.

We started, Richards driving with a very loose rein, and I am sure that if ever I needed help from man I needed it that night; a tight rein would have assisted me with all that weight pressing upon my withers. Bad as it was, I would have taken them home safely if Richards had let me alone. But he would not. First he shouted to me; then he shook the rein; then I felt the cruel whip about my loins and head, until pain and fright bewildered me. We came to a steep hill, but I seemed to be scarcely conscious of where I was, as Richards beat me more furiously than ever. Maddened, I sprang forward and tore down the hill: the weight behind was too much, I could



"DOWN I WENT WITH A TERRIBLE CRASH."

not gather my feet, and down I went with a terrible crash.

For a moment all was still, and I lay panting, half-dead with fear and excitement ; then I heard one of the men shouting for help. What followed I can but dimly remember, for I was in a state of bewilderment, like a horse in a dream ; but I can just call to mind the arrival of several persons from a house close by, who helped the men to put something heavy into the cart, and then I, having arisen, was led slowly home. I was suffering very much ; my knees were dreadfully cut, and I was terribly shaken ; but my thoughts were busy with the load I was bearing home. It was poor Richards with a broken neck, quite dead !

They rang Mr. Crawshay up and told him what had happened. His first inquiry was for his port-manteau, which was safe ; then he expressed a few words of regret for Richards, qualifying his sorrow by saying that it was just what he expected, and wound up by cursing *me*, as a brute who was not worth his salt. I was very tired and bruised and sore, but I had enough spirit left in me to kick him then ; I should have done so, but I remembered the lesson of my mother, and wisely forbore.

I AM SOLD.

MR. CRAWSHAY did give me shelter for the night, but I heard him declare he would have no broken-kneed beast about his place, and that I should be taken away on the morrow to be sold. He carried out his threat, and early on the morrow a small

ferret-faced man came and led me away before I had an opportunity of having a parting glance at my mistresses. This act I have always believed to be in accordance with Mr. Crawshay's general conduct towards his wife and daughter; it was one more link in the chain of unkind deeds with which he had burdened their lives. Mr. Crawshay knew his wife and daughter were fond of me, and would gladly have kept me in spite of my misfortune; but the opportunity for an unkindness offered, such as could safely be performed in the face of the world, and he seized it. Strange it is, but true, that some men will spend a deal and go far out of their way to give pain when they could bestow happiness with less trouble and half the expense.

The ferret-faced man, before removing me, put some ointment upon my sores, and painted my legs with something which hid my accident from the eyes of casual observers; then he led me through the town into the country, where we joined company with another ferret-faced man who had several horses of various sizes and ages under his charge. I was tied to the rest with a halter, and then we jogged quietly along the road, the two men smoking and chatting as we went along.

My companions were strange to me—strange in the strictest sense of the word, for they had all been brought up in London, a place I had heard very little of; but I was certainly not impressed with any favourable notion of it when I saw their flippant pert ways, and became acquainted with the style of their conversation. Naturally I, as soon as I joined

company, wished them good day, and made some remark upon the fineness of the weather and the excellence of the second hay crop. To this they one and all responded with a sarcastic roll of the eye, and one old horse most impertinently called me a "yokel"—an insult I resented by becoming perfectly quiet and withdrawing as soon as possible from a company where I could see I was not particularly wanted.

I gathered from what they said that they had been down to some place belonging to the ferret-faced man "to grass," that is, to recruit their health after a season of very heavy work in town. They all seemed to like an idle life, but some of them really cared very little for the country, and generally expressed themselves glad to return to town.

"Another month here would have killed me," said a young horse with a Roman nose; "it is so dreadfully slow, and I cannot live without 'fun.' Of course the fresh air and the green fields and the purer water we get does us good bodily—but we must feed the *mind*, you know."

The others agreed to this, and I kept on for a long time thinking and surmising what sort of food for the mind could be obtained in the great city. I have learnt since, and I must say that much better food for the mind—food more wholesome and nourishing—can be obtained in the country than in the town; but we must not be astonished at poor ignorant horses expressing such an opinion, when we know that thousands of intelligent men declare the same thing.

We did not walk the whole way to town—London

was a long way off; but on our arrival at a place much larger than Upton, we were taken to a tremendous barn-like place roofed in with glass, and filled with large boxes upon wheels, some of them with chimneys to them, which puffed and snorted in such a way that I could not help jumping about in a fright, much to the amusement of my companions. The ferret-faced man, probably with a view to restore my calmness, beat me about the head with a stick, and then hustled me into one of the boxes with another horse, and closed the door.

GOING TO LONDON.

I FOUND myself shut in with one of the best of my late companions—a horse who had in snubbing me rather followed the leadership of others than obeyed the dictation of his own feelings. He told me not to be alarmed, that there was nothing to fear, and that we were going to travel about a hundred miles by railway. I asked him what a railway was, and he told me it was something which man had made to imitate the horse, to do its work in transmitting men and goods.

“But it is a very poor imitation,” he said; “they cannot trust it anywhere off the particular road and rails laid down for it; and there is no grace, no action in it, and whatever it does it makes a frightful noise about. I know that any horse would blush to make half the fuss. When man first made it, he said that he could do without the horse; but he made a great mistake. Horses,” added my informant with some

pride, "have since the establishment of railways become worth double the money."

I asked a deal more about this railway, and my companion gave me a very good general idea of this base but fortunately unsuccessful attempt to supersede the horse, with which I do not intend to trouble my readers ; and just as he finished, the train started.

Oh! the agony of that journey!—the shaking, the jolting, the screaming, the roaring, and the noise and rattle of other trains as they passed us—it was dreadful, especially to me who had never undergone the ordeal before. My companion suffered less—he had travelled upon many occasions, and was more composed. In about four hours we arrived in London, and I being released, took my first peep at the big city.

The impression was not favourable. The place looked large, and very, very dirty; the dingy courtyard of the railway station gave me the heartache to look at it, and the promise of a most miserable place to live in was fulfilled when the ferret-faced man led me into the streets. Many horses I have met with, knowing that I have a literary turn of mind, have asked me to describe the great city ; but I always decline to do so—it defies description : volumes might be written upon every foot of its paved way, and libraries filled with the wonders of a street. It is at once a paradise to pleasure-seekers, a desert to the friendless, a gold mine to the successful, a pit of destruction to the unfortunate ; it contains every vanity and every pleasure of human existence ; the poorest, the richest, the proudest, the meekest—the lost in vice, the raised in



THE AUCTION.

virtue ; the very depths of vice, the highest aspiration and the noblest thought, can alike be found within its gates. Joy, hope, love, hatred, malice, and despair are all in the shadow of its walls, and lie hidden in the hearts of men not scattered here and there, but gathered close together in teeming millions.

The very thought of attempting to describe such a place drives me to despair : I leave it for an abler horse.

We kept on for half an hour, with nothing but houses on either side, and then I was led into a paved yard, where I saw a long row of stabling, all very clean and nice—more so than I could have expected, considering the place was in the heart of the great city. I spent ten days there, and then I, with a number of other horses, was put up for sale ; but in the meantime my broken knees had been attended to by a very clever veterinary surgeon, who put them right in the most astonishing manner. I heard one of the ferret-faced men declare that it would take a very good pair of eyes to tell that I had been down, and as far as *my* sight went I was perfectly restored. I felt a little weakness, and nothing more.

A great number of people attended the sale, and we were all made very spruce for the occasion. The grooms trotted us up and down, and made us show off ourselves to the best advantage. Several of the bystanders seemed to take a great deal of notice of us, and these I afterwards noticed were the principal buyers.

SALE BY AUCTION.

ONE of the horses which accompanied me from Upton was put up first, and the bidding began—but slowly. Neither the auctioneer—a tall, stout, florid man—nor the public seemed to think much of him, and after a little haggling he was knocked down for twenty pounds. As he was led back to his stall I was led out, and the disgust written upon his face found vent in words.

“Twenty pounds!” he said, with an indignant neigh; “there’s a price! If I had dreamt of such a thing a month ago, I believe I should have drowned myself in the river.”

I shook my head to express my disapproval of such light talk, but could say nothing, as the groom who led me gave me a thump with the halter, and bade me “come up”—which I did by breaking into what was really a very pretty trot.

“Now here, gentlemen,” said the auctioneer, “is a very valuable lot, named Blossom, reared by Bayne, of Upton, a man who, as you are fully aware, never sends a bad lot into the market. This horse is rising four, and has never been in private hands, but he is thoroughly fit either to ride or drive. Take a look at him, gentlemen. Don’t be afraid of it; he can bear it—sound from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.”

Oh! the falsehood of this man—to say that I had never been in private hands, and that I was thoroughly sound. I really felt as if I could have kicked him—

not very hard, but in such a way as to warn him not to tell such fibs again. The groom trotted me to and fro, then pulled up, and a number of men proceeded to examine me.

"He's been down, ain't he?" asked a short thick-set man, who spoke in a husky voice, as if he had a hair or straw in his throat.

"I believe he knocked himself in the paddock, Mr. Harkaway," replied the auctioneer; "a mere graze, though—the skin was barely broken."

"He grazed a 'tenner' off him," said Mr. Harkaway, with a short laugh; adding in a whisper to a man, apparently his friend, who stood behind him, "but he is the sort of nag I want; and I will have him."

The bidding for me, in spite of the signs of my fall, was very brisk, and I soon ran up to forty pounds; then a few fell away, and I increased to fifty. At this sum all left me but Mr. Harkaway and a man in a sort of grazier's suit, with a face so positively cruel, that I shudder even now when I think of it. Mr. Harkaway had a dissipated, reckless look, which reminded me of Richards; and if I could have had my will, I would have chosen another master, but he was better than the grazier, and I earnestly hoped that he would show the longer purse.

"Fifty-five," said the grazier.

"Six," said Mr. Harkaway.

"Seven," cried the other.

"Eight," returned Mr. Harkaway.

"Nine," shouted the grazier.

Mr. Harkaway hesitated, and looked at me. I turned an imploring eye upon him, but I might as



LEAVING THE HORSE-DEALER'S YARD.

well have looked at a brick wall—he was as stupid as the rest of the men, and did not understand me a bit ; but the auctioneer came to my rescue.

“Come, Mr. Harkaway,” he said, “put another pound on—you won’t get such another chance this season ; the horse is young, sound, good-tempered, and ready for any amount of work Shall I say sixty?”

“Sixty be it,” said Mr. Harkaway, and the hammer to my great joy fell. The grazier seemed to be rather disappointed—his face expressed that feeling ; but he said he was glad he had not bought me, as I was a poor thing at the best, only fit for a dust cart. This hurt me a little, for none of us like to be depreciated, even by those we despise ; but since then I have heard a story about a fox and some grapes, which sufficiently explains the insulting expressions of the grazier.

SAM AND I.

As the rest of the sale has no interest to my readers, or any connection with my life, I will pass it over with the simple declaration that it was a very painful thing to witness. Falsehood and deceit were rampant ; not a single horse was honestly represented to the public, and some poor things, long past work, were doctored and stimulated for the occasion, and then solemnly described as horses in excellent condition—fit for any amount of service. Most of the men collected there were too sharp to be deceived ; but I am afraid that more than one was that day sadly

swindled and misled by the artful horse-dealer and the glib-tongued auctioneer.

As I have since become thoroughly acquainted with London, I may as well now call places by their proper names ; such a course will help those of my friends as know the metropolis to a more definite idea of my wanderings, and assist me in making my story more graphic to the rest of my readers.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Harkaway fetched me from the horse-dealer's yard, and tying my halter to the tail of a common cart, drove away. There was a big brown horse in the shafts, whom he called Sam—rather a knowing-looking animal, I thought, and one certainly accustomed to the noisy ways of this bewildering place.



We travelled over an immense stone bridge near the Houses of Parliament, and turning to the right, went through a maze of streets, for the most part poor, dirty, and miserable, making me wonder how any one could live in such tumble-down houses. This was Lambeth, and Lambeth was to be my home ; for my new master halted at a house by the corner of a street a shade better than most we had passed through, and shouted out for Jim in such a way that I knew the house must be his own.

The whole of the front of my master's house seemed to be devoted to business. The ground floor was quite open, with furniture of every description piled up to the ceiling ; and from the windows above hung hearth-rugs, pieces of carpet, long strings of tinware, brushes, and so on, sufficient in my eyes to supply the entire population of Great Britain.

He seemed to deal in every household requisite ; the number and variety of articles for sale were quite bewildering, and to an unpractised eye appeared to be piled up anyhow on either side, without any regard to law or order, leaving a small narrow lane only to travel in and out.

Down this lane came the boy Jim, Mr. Harkaway's son and heir, a lad of twelve years, who hailed his father with a sullen visage, and the inquiry, "Now, then, what do you want?"

"Take the nags round," said Mr. Harkaway, "and give them both a feed. You need not be particular with the new one, Blossom—he's done no work to-day."

"Will he kick?" asked Jim.

"Quiet as a lamb," replied his father ; and the boy, with rather a suspicious look at me, led Sam round the corner, and I perforce followed.

Mr. Harkaway's stable was certainly a most abominable hole, bad enough to kill any horse fresh from the country with the look of it ; but as I afterwards learnt from Sam and my own sad experience, there were hundreds of worse places, where even man himself was glad to dwell—indeed, an entire family lived and slept in a wretched room over our wretched stable.

Jim gave Sam a pretty good feed, and me a handful of hay ; after this he made up two slovenly beds for us, and retired for the night. I was glad when he was gone, as I wanted to be alone with Sam, for I was burning with curiosity to hear what sort of life was in store for me.

Sam attacked the food given to him as if he were in need of it, and went on munching for some time without a word ; and I kept silent fearing that any remarks I might make would be deemed intrusive, and thus defeat the end I had in view.

A NICE CHAT.

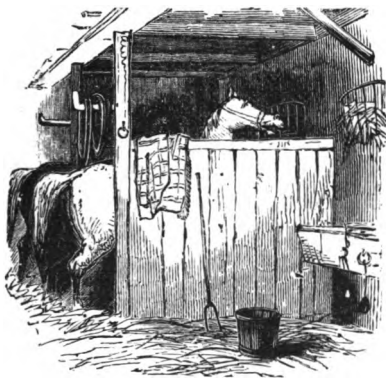
SAM and I were only divided by a pole, so that even lying down it would be easy to converse, and I waited patiently. Sam munched his food to the last wisp of hay and kernel of corn ; then settling down, condescended to address me.

"Well, youngster," he said, with a sort of grunt, "where do you hail from?"

"Upton," I replied.

"Country," returned Sam. "Ah! you will find it different here."

"I am afraid so," I replied softly, with a sigh.



"There is a little life here," continued Sam, who apparently had not heard my remark. "No trotting about for miles and seeing nothing but hedgerows and trees and fields full of grass and corn, tantalizing a hungry horse to death; no brooks to wet your feet and legs by crossing, and not half the flies to bother you. We have flies, of course, but they don't seem half so hungry as they are in the country—it's the air, I suppose."

"The country air is supposed to give an appetite," I remarked, not caring to say too much in praise of the country at present.

"That is why I hate it," growled Sam. "Harkaway goes into the country sometimes, and brings me home so horribly sharp that I could eat my halter, but he gives me no more corn: a feed is a feed to him, although it may not be more than half a feed to me. Harkaway is wretchedly stupid; but most men are like him."

I coughed an assent to this, and Sam went on for a while grumbling about the short allowance of corn he received, until I thought I might venture to ask for a little information about my master. Sam, to my joy, received my inquiries in a very amiable spirit.

"Harkaway," he said, "is a furniture dealer, principally second-hand. He will buy anything, from the lid of a saucepan to an entire house of furniture, and will gladly sell the same if he can realize a fair or an unfair profit. He calls it 'turning an honest penny'; but honest as it may be, I have heard him tell the most abominable falsehoods while transacting the most simple acts of business. He will declare, with

all the solemnity of a man upon oath, that he gave so-and-so for such a thing, and that he will lose by the transaction, when he knows it did not cost him half the money, and that he will realize a very respectable profit."

"It is very sad," I said.

"And it is also absurd," returned Sam; "for no man believes him—they know as well as he does that he sells for profit, and profit alone; as for any motive of philanthropy, you won't find such a thing in men of the Harkaway class."

"You say the furniture is second-hand," I said; "where does he get it from?"

"Mostly from homes where *ruin* has stepped in, an unwelcome guest," replied Sam solemnly. "When a man gets into difficulties, his landlord seizes his furniture, and sells it for rent. Upon these occasions the goods are generally put up by auction, and then Harkaway buys with the rest of the public. But very often the ruined tenant is not only ruined, but a man of bad principles; then he calls in my master, sells everything he has, and goes away with every debt unpaid. These are very profitable transactions, for he generally gets the goods at his own price."

"But are not some of these seizures oppressive?" I asked.

"Very," replied Sam. "Some landlords are very harsh, and turn the widow and orphan into the streets without the least remorse."

"What becomes of them?"

"Don't ask me," said Sam, shaking his head; "when you have been in London a year or two, you

will have seen enough to guess what becomes of the helpless and unfortunate."

I FIND MUCH TO STUDY.

"TELL me something about Mr. Harkaway's family," said I to Sam ; "give me an idea of his character."

"Call him Harkaway—we have no misters this side of the water," replied Sam. "So you want an idea of his character and family. Well, here it is. Harkaway is a sordid, grasping man, who has not an idea beyond making money ; it is never out of his thought—he dreams pounds, shillings, and pence, I think. His idea of everything is, what is it worth, and what will it fetch ? He would die of despair in Paradise, if there was nothing to buy and sell. His wife is just like him, and when a bad bargain is made, which sometimes happens, they mourn together like parents bereaved of a promising family. Jim is their son. Nursed and cradled upon the pounds, shillings, and pence idea, he has no love, no sentiment, no religion—he possesses nothing which helps to make man noble ; and I verily believe that, young as he is, he would sell his parents for five shillings, if anybody would be rash enough to buy them. He feels no love or gratitude towards them ; he is cold, crafty, and cruel to a terrible degree ; he tortures insects, beats dogs, and pinches children like a little ogre ; and the day is not far distant when he will prove a thorn in the side of the parents who have made him what he is."

"In what way?" I asked.

"I cannot precisely tell," replied Sam. "But such children mostly develop into lovers of low dissipation; they haunt music halls and low dancing saloons, spending, in a manner quite at variance with their sordid nature, the money accumulated by the craft of their parents. I have known many such, and I can see this boy is already on the downward road."

I said I was sorry to hear it, and hoped Sam would prove to be a false prophet for the boy's sake. Sam grunted something in reply, and gave out signs of falling asleep. As I had now learned all I cared to know for the present, I said no more, and we were soon both enjoying sound repose.

I was awakened in the morning by a knocking overhead, which Sam, who was already up and stirring, told me proceeded from the head of the family in the room above, who was a cobbler. I also heard the tongue of a loud-talking woman, and the murmur of the voices of several children.

"How many up there?" I inquired.

"Father, mother, and six children," replied Sam. "The father works hard, and is a patient, quiet man; but the mother drinks and scolds, and the home is a wretched one. Home I called it—ah! a poor home it is, and many a pig would turn up his nose at it."

Mr. Harkaway and his son entered and interrupted our conversation. Jim, under the eye of his father, gave us a fairish grooming and a feed of corn: then I was taken out, harnessed, and put to my first day's work in the furniture line. Mr. Harkaway drove me to a house in the Old Kent Road, with the walls all

plastered with bills, and leaving Jim in charge of the cart, went in.

Everything was so novel to me that the time passed very quickly. A street in London or the suburbs is a perfect panorama to any observant creature, and no one need languish for want of food for the mind. The faces alone are sufficient to amuse and interest any thoughtful horse or man. Watch two as they meet and salute, and you will see whether they be friend or foe. Mark their style of greeting, their faces as they meet and part, and you will have a very good idea of the true nature of the feeling between them. The varieties of life are endless, the shades of emotion numberless, and he who cares to study the book of nature may read on throughout his days, and find in the end that he has but imperfectly scanned a single page.

There was much to study in the other horses I met with daily, and the dogs, too, were very interesting; but my great study was man, and I shall devote the principal part of these pages to him.

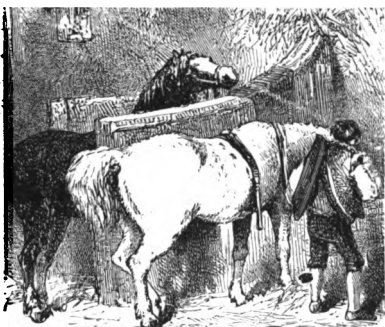
SAM'S HARD LIFE.

I HOPE my experience of our lord and master was a very exceptional one, but I am sorry to say that I found very little good in him.

My life with Mr. Harkaway was for the most part very monotonous; he worked me very hard, and fed me as little as was consistent with the amount of work required of me. Sometimes Sam and I were taken out together in a large van to move the goods and

chattels of some tradesman ; but as a rule we were employed apart on small jobs, Mr. Harkaway driving me, and Sam being under the guidance of that atom of vice, the boy Jim. I do not care to speak ill of any one, but I must say that the training of this lad was fatal to every good quality which must have been born in him. He was cruel, crafty, and fond of low self-indulgence ; he smoked and even drank with men—some of whom were old and grey, and ought to have checked the boy in his evil ways.

Sometimes it happened that I fell into his hands, and his father took Sam, and then I had a very pretty day of it. He would make me gallop until I flagged, and then beat me until I galloped again, and this with a heavy load behind me too,



without the least remorse, and often I have returned to the stable in such a condition that I did not expect to leave it again alive.

I used to complain to Sam, but he said it was a common mode of treatment towards horses in London, and that thousands die yearly from overwork and neglect, or give in with a broken heart, the result of unnecessary cruelty.

“A good horse does not need the whip,” he said ; “but there are some people who use it upon every

possible occasion. If a horse is tired, they lash him without mercy—they must have an idea that there is virtue in the whipcord, and that it gives us a renewal of the strength we have expended in their service.”

“That wretched boy, Jim,” I remarked, “must use a deal of whipcord.”

“That boy is fond of giving pain,” returned Sam; “if he is grooming me, and wants me to stand over, he does not say so, but to save his tongue kicks me in the ribs as if I were a log of wood or a feather bed. I have known the day when I would have repaid him amply, but this miserable life has taken all the spirit out of me. Heigho!”

“You have had a very hard life,” I said.

“Very,” replied Sam. “I was born in the country, but left it quite young. A dealer, Putney way, broke me in; he was celebrated for such work, and a cruel fellow he was. The bits he used were fearful, and I can almost feel his spurs now; as for his whip, it used to cross my ribs like a thin band of red-hot iron—ugh! What horse could stand it? So we all gave in; and he was celebrated as a trainer of horses. Isn’t it disgusting!”

“Men will be wiser some day,” I said consolingly. “How old are you, Sam?”

“Somewhere about twelve,” said Sam; “not at all old for a horse well used—but I am almost worked out. I heard Harkaway tell his wife to-day that I was scarcely worth my feed. Well! the knacker may come for aught I care.”

“What is a knacker?” inquired I.

“A horse murderer,” replied Sam. “When a horse

gets old and past work, this man is sent for, or we are taken to him. In either case it is his business to kill us, and he makes very short work of it. But we are useful to the end: they make shoes, glue, and all sorts of useful things out of our very carcasses; and if a man had any real love or gratitude in his composition, he would treat us all well when we are alive."

"But all masters are not cruel, Sam."

"No: many are very kind, and keep their stables in better condition than they do their cottages for the labouring poor; and some keep both horse and labourer well, but these are the exception, and not the rule. For my part, I do not care for a rich master; give me a quiet family of the middle class, living, let us say, at Finchley, Hampstead, or somewhere about eight miles the north of London; these are the people who feed and treat a horse well."

"Were you ever in such a family, Sam?"

"No; but once I was almost bought by a gentleman of that class, but the chance went by, and I am now too old to hope for such a thing. I have, however, heard a deal of this life, and I am sure nothing could be more agreeable. Now you are a likely fellow to drop upon this sort of thing, if ever Harkaway makes up his mind to sell you."

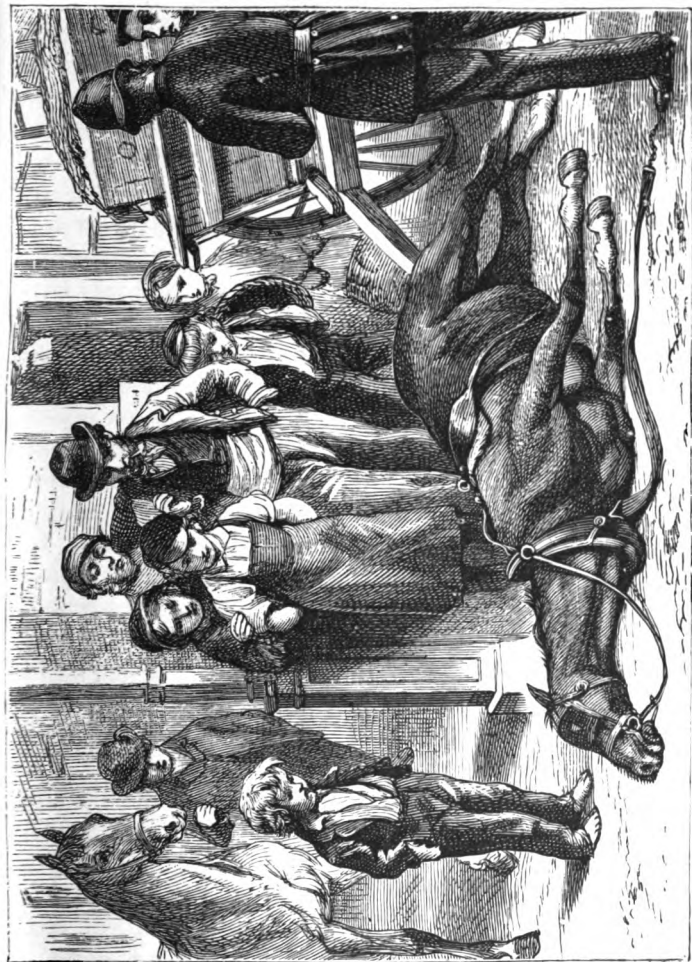
A SAD SHOCK.

THE picture drawn by Sam pleased me very much, and I earnestly hoped that such a lot might befall me.

So my life passed on. I dragged furniture about—now from a general sale, now at midnight from a

fraudulent debtor's house, and once from a ruined home, where the law had deprived the widow and fatherless of the comforts of life. Sometimes Mr. Harkaway beat me very cruelly; but he was generally sparing of the whip, as he had an idea that it knocked some of the value off a horse—as rubbing removes gilt from gingerbread; still he did not hesitate to overload me, and gave me such burdens to bear that I often felt I must die beneath them. Yet I kept on, supported by youth, I suppose, and endured this life for four long years.

During this time I had not forgotten my place of birth, or those connected with it. Of my mother I thought a great deal; but I had no anxiety on her account, as I had often heard Mr. Bayne declare that he intended to keep her all his life. Rip was very often in my mind, and a thousand times I wondered what had become of him, with a yearning such as one true friend feels for another. I loved Rip; he was so full of life, so spirited, so brilliant in action, that any one with an eye for beauty must have admired him. Ah, noble Rip! I did indeed love you, and wonder if the humble companion of your youth, pining in the dingy stable of a furniture dealer, ever entered your thoughts. Nor did I forget the beauty of the scene where I was born: the paddock, the stream, the old mill, and the rich surrounding foliage oft rose before me, and never faded away again without leaving behind an aching heart. Often and often I have, in fancy, smelt the sweet meadow flowers, and heard the melodious beating of Rip's feet upon the soft turf, as he gaily pranced about the field; and such memories, if



DEATH OF POOR SAM.

they have brought pain, have had a softening influence too, and I have lain down to sleep a sadder but a better horse.

The four years gave me a good knowledge of the great metropolis, as business at various times took me to every part of it ; and the more I knew, the more I wondered at the magnitude of the place. I have learnt more since, and I have not ceased to wonder.

About this period a very terrible thing happened. I had been out all day with my master, and was back in the stable quite worn out, thankful for the prospect of rest, when Jim, now a morose, sullen, dissipated young man, came into the stable, and without putting any harness upon me led me away. The act was so novel that my mind became full of vague terror, and the terrible knackers talked of by Sam arose before my eyes ; but I dismissed the thought as a piece of folly—for I was yet active and full of work, and Mr. Harkaway was not the man to waste capital by useless slaughter—and looked about me for a more reasonable solution of the mystery.

With his head down, Jim Harkaway slouched beside me, giving no clue, and I wondered in vain as we walked the length of several streets, and came at last into the presence of a small crowd of people. An opening was made for Jim, and he led me through. The first thing I saw was a cart-load of furniture resting upon the shafts ; the next, a horse lying in the road, quite still.

The shock was dreadful. I read the truth at once. Poor Sam was dead—had died in the midst of his daily duty. It was indeed terrible, but I found no tears

then. My sorrow was tempered with a dawning conviction that this sudden death was to him a merciful and happy release. In the morning before starting he had complained of a pain in his side, but such a form of suffering was common to us both, and I did not dream of finding him dead that night. Jim harnessed me in, and drove away, leaving poor Sam in charge of a man in a very dirty blue slop—a knacker's assistant, I have since been informed.

I CHANGE MASTERS.

THAT was a long night for me, and I slept but little. Sam, and Rip, and mother, and home were alternately in my thoughts through the long dark hours; and when the morning came, it found me but little prepared for work. Prepared or not, there was the work to do, and during that and many days following I toiled early and late, until I began to give out signs of really breaking down; and then Mr. Harkaway, still influenced by the pounds, shillings, and pence idea, kindly sent me into the country for a month's rest and fresh green food.



I was sent down to a place about two miles from

Blackheath, on the Forest Hill side, and spent the days of my leisure in a field, sharing the welcome grass with half a dozen cows belonging to a local dairyman. It was almost as bad as being alone, having no other horse for a companion: for the cows, not very conversational among themselves, did not care to accost a stranger who spoke a language they did not understand.

It was not like my early home, but it was a paradise compared to the dungeon I lived in down Lambeth way, and I would have been well content to have spent the rest of my days there; but I had a great amount of work left in my bones yet, and it was not to be.

When the month was up, Jim Harkaway came to fetch me. I am sorry to say that he was rather the worse for beer when he arrived, and before we got home he was in a horrible state of intoxication. We met Mr. Harkaway near home, and the way his son addressed him was very shocking; you would not hear it from any creature save man—the noblest in his best condition, in his fall the most degraded.

High words ensued between father and son, and several people stopped one after the other; but they all went on again, saying that it was “only old Harkaway and his precious son,” so I concluded that these scenes between them were growing common. In the end Mr. Harkaway wrenched the bridle away from his son, and led me up a turning opposite the shop. I was surprised at not going home, and still more surprised when he halted before a greengrocer’s shop, and Mr. Harkaway asked a stout woman if her husband was at home.

"He's round the yard," was the reply; "but he will be here in a minute."

In less than a minute the husband came—a short, thickset man, deeply pock-marked, and dressed in corduroy, with a flaring red silk handkerchief round his throat.

"Morning, Mr. Harkaway," he said.

"Morning," replied my master. "I have brought Blossom to you myself. Jim is going on worse than ever."

"Sorry to hear it," said the other. "But you are not half sharp enough with him. If he was a son of mine, I would give him the key of the street, as sure as my name is Benjamin Bunter."

"Mrs. Harkaway clings to him," said Mr. Harkaway nervously; "she is a woman, and he is an only son; but it is a great trial—the money he wastes is enough to break one's heart."

Not a word about the vice of youth—it was still pounds, shillings, and pence to the furniture-dealer.

"Well, what are we to say for Blossom?" said the greengrocer, stroking my fore-leg with his hand.

"He is worth thirty," replied Mr. Harkaway. "I am only selling him because I was obliged to buy two horses to carry on my business while he was away. He is worth thirty pounds."

"You mean twenty," said Benjamin Bunter, shortly.

"No—thirty, I mean."

"Twenty."

In this style they haggled for a while, and the bargain ended in the usual way; I became the property of

Benjamin Bunter, greengrocer, for the sum of twenty-five pounds sterling.

In this manner I parted from the furniture-dealer, and we never met again; but I learnt his fate in a casual way, and I may as well give it here. He was killed in a railway accident on his way back from a country sale, and having died without a will (he had put it off a hundred times on the ground of the expense), the better part of his property fell into the hands of his son, who justified his worldly training by squandering the money like dirt, and dying, while yet in his youth, mad with drink. What became of the mother I never knew.

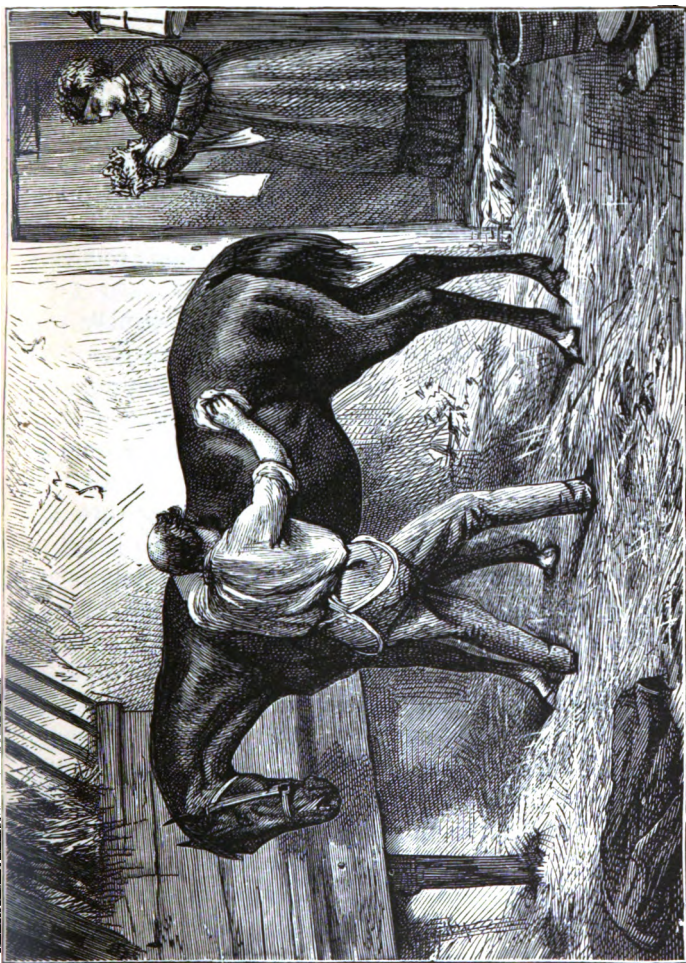
BENJAMIN BUNTER.

LET me turn to my new master, Benjamin Bunter, and



endeavour to describe him to my reading friends as I afterwards knew him. This master of mine was what is known as a "free living man"—he made a deal of

money in his business, and spent it almost as soon as he got it. He was very fond of eating and drinking, and delighted in such pleasure as could be found on race-courses, at pigeon matches, and so on. His wife had precisely similar tastes, and they jogged on very well together; and the half-dozen children they had brought into the world were, as far as food and clothing went, well cared for, but all else was entirely neglected.



GROOMED BY BENJAMIN BUNTER.

Let me speak of the man as I found him. Benjamin Bunter had a kind heart, and he fed me liberally; but he was a thoughtless man, and many a time he has, without the slightest regard for my good or ill, kept me all day without food at a pigeon match, and then taken up half a dozen men with him for "a lift" home. He would also drive his wife and children to Epping for a day's outing, and the exhaustion I have felt after the efforts required on such occasions was very great.

With regard to the pigeon-shooting I wish to say, without going into the subject, that I think it a very cruel and unmanly sport. The contest is not equal in any way. What can be more cowardly than to box up a poor helpless thing for awhile, then pretend to give it liberty and shoot it as soon as it shows its head? Call that "sport"—I wonder men are not ashamed of it!

I was employed in the business mostly, and very often I was in the Borough Market as early as four o'clock, and there I met with many horses and ponies engaged in the same trade; some were well cared for and fed liberally, but others had cruel or indifferent masters. Some of the men were given to bad language, and used the most fearful oaths whenever their animals did even the slightest thing wrong. Generally the fault lay with the masters, who perhaps had a little difficulty in fixing their carts among the rest, and instead of going quietly and easily to work, out came the whip, and the horse's head was wrenched about, until he was quite bewildered. Who can wonder if the poor creature backed into the wrong place, or showed

a tendency to go opposite to the direction required? Man talks a deal about reason, but he too often forgets to act upon it, especially when he is dealing with such poor creatures as myself.

The scenes in the market were very exciting and amusing as a rule, but many of them were painful. Foul language was sometimes followed by a brutal fight, which gave amusement to a thoughtless crowd until the police appeared. Whenever such a scene took place I noticed that the fighting men were invariably the worse for drink; the sober buyers, sellers, and labourers always did their work quickly and went away quietly.

I am now coming to an episode in my life which requires an entire chapter to itself, for it opened up to me a new train of thought with regard to the connection between horse and man, and the really important influence they have upon each other. One night, late in the month of May, Benjamin Bunter came into my stable and gave me an extra grooming, combing my coat and plaiting my mane with wonderful care. While he was at work Mrs. Bunter entered with a large bonnet covered with flowers in her hand. Mrs. Bunter, by the way, had a great love for bright colours, and was generally a walking object of envy to her less fortunate neighbours.

"There, Ben," she said, holding it up, "I think that will do."

"It's prime," was his reply. "There won't be many bonnets like that upon the course. Everybody will know as we drive along that we are going to the races. Come over, Blossom—steady there."

So I was going to the races. Here was a prospect of something new to me, and I immediately thought of Rip's great-grandfather, who had nearly won something or other many years ago; and then I wondered what that something was, and in what way it was contested; and then I wondered what had become of Rip, and I continued wondering long after Benjamin Bunter had finished work and retired to his supper in the little parlour behind his well-stocked shop.

GOING TO THE RACES.

SLEEP was almost a stranger to my eyes that night. Stimulated by excitement, I continued to think and wonder until the first gray light of the morning came stealing through the window of my stable, and then I fell into a fitful doze, to dream that I was a race-horse of the purest blood, famous for my victories throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In the morning my master was up early, but he did not go to market, and it was quite nine o'clock when he harnessed me to the cart and drove round to the front door. There was a small knot of neighbours interested in our starting, and I found that a plumber and his wife were going with us. Two chairs were put into the back of the cart for the use of the ladies, and the men sat in front, with the two eldest Bunter children on the floor, making the party six in number. In addition to this was a bag of cut hay and corn for my consumption, and a large hamper of food and drink for the party.

I gathered from the conversation of the men that they

were both fond of betting, and that Mr. King had received overnight "a tip," that is, information concerning a certain horse, which would enable him to make a large sum of money that day.

"I am told that 'Melrose' is sure to win," he whispered in a confidential tone to my master while they were waiting for the ladies. "Wigen wrote to me to put every penny I have upon it."

"I go with you," returned Benjamin Bunter. "I always thought there was something meant with Melrose. Now then, here is the missis; give her a hand, will you?"

Mr. King gallantly helped the ladies to their seats, then put the children in, and we started. A few idle boys gave us a cheer, the neighbours waved their hands, and then we went through the streets at a smart pace.



The load behind me was rather heavy, but I did not mind that, as there was, in addition to my curiosity being aroused, the prospect of a peep at the green fields and a few hours' fresh air. In half an hour we had left the worst part of the bricks and mortar behind us, and were travelling among the neat suburban villas of prosperous tradesmen.

It was a bright fresh morning, and everything looked nice—villas, trees, flowers, everything, down to the butchers' carts which we came upon now and

then waiting at the garden gates of the houses. My party enjoyed everything; they were all in high spirits, and I have no doubt that Mrs. Bunter made the most of her bonnet, which was a far superior thing to the article worn by her friend Mrs. King. In spite of this, however, the ladies were excellent friends.

About eight miles from town we pulled up at a roadside inn, and my master fetched out a pot of beer. I felt this to be the first hitch in a promising day; not that I personally object to beer, for I do not know even the taste of it, but I have seen the effects of it upon man, and they are anything but pleasant. Never by any chance does it elevate or improve, and too often it ruins and degrades—and yet men will drink it. Here is something which I am sure man himself fails to comprehend.

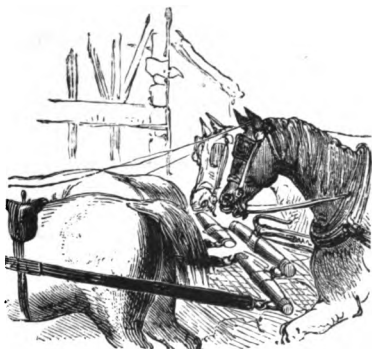
Our halt was brief, and we went on through quiet lanes and broad, well-kept roads garnished with fragrant hedges and tall, graceful trees, sometimes passing and at other times being passed by other parties greater or smaller in number, and they all seemed to be in the highest possible spirits, shouting and laughing as if the world had nothing in it beyond going to the races, and they had left no sorrow or sin or shame in the great city behind them.

By-and-by we came upon a stupendous hill, and here a boy sitting upon a horse volunteered to help us up the hill for sixpence. Benjamin Bunter was in an excellent humour, and the offer was accepted; the horse was attached to the shafts of the cart, and we moved forward.

A WICKED PLACE.

NOW I do not wish to speak ill of any of my race, but I must out with the truth at all times—that helping horse was a disgrace to his fellows. He was as cunning as a fox, and made a deal of show, pretending to strain his muscles and spluttering his feet about, but he did not pull a bit. He was as bad

as the boy upon his back, who shouted and pretended to urge him on, while he really encouraged him to hold back. I ventured to remonstrate in a whisper to my helper, but he only answered with a short contemptuous laugh, which I have no doubt



Benjamin Bunter interpreted as a cough, and I had to do the work of the hill in reality alone. At the top my master paid the boy the sixpence, and the precious pair went back in search of other victims.

After a brief rest we proceeded, and presently came upon the downs where the races were held, and my master guided me past a long line of white booths, erected for refreshment and various purposes. In some I have been told men gamble and fight, but I have never seen such things, and I only pretend to give the results of my actual experience. There was

one large wooden erection which Benjamin Bunter pointed out to his wife as the Grand Stand ; it was empty then, but I saw it later filled with ladies and gentlemen most magnificently dressed.

We were very early, and my master secured a good place near the ropes, after paying ten shillings for the privilege. He and Mr. King then got down and went away, and Mrs. Bunter brought out a bottle full of rum. She had a sip, Mrs. King had a sip, and the children were induced to wet their lips with it. All this seemed to me to be very shocking, but there were many cartloads of people around doing much the same thing, and nobody cried out against it.

Turning from Mrs. Bunter and her friend, I took a look at the scene around me. Like the great city, it defies description. Early as it was thousands had already assembled, and the air was full of shouts and laughter, and cries that some might have thought the outburst of joy ; but I could detect a wail beneath it which told me that the joy was after all but a hollow thing. I was now old enough and had seen enough to read man at a glance, and as the thousands walked by I scanned their faces and read no real satisfaction there. They were hilarious it is true, but they lacked the contented expression which true happiness brings. But even the apparently happy were in the minority : the main part of this throng were eager, restless creatures, who walked quickly up and down, and talked in low whispers to their friends, or scanned little pocket-books with a forlorn look, as if they read their doom therein. "Knaves and gamblers" were written in the looks of many—alas ! too many—of the

young as well as old. Every amusement presented by the itinerant took the gambling form—betting was the order of the day, from pence to pounds. Some held up purses and talked of large sums to be sold for a shilling, and the thoughtless, untutored novice in race-course ways bought them, to find themselves deceived, and to hear the laughter of those who find fun in a miserable lie. Wheels of fortune, spinning jennies, cards, dice, all were there, and vice, forgetting her shame, walked boldly in the sunlight.

Opposite, the big wooden stand and others on either side were filling, and a Babel of voices rose from the shifting mass. This, I was told afterwards, was the noise of betting-men, who risked their money—some all their wealth, honour, good name—on the race to come. Some of the noblest names in our land have been blackened in the betting ring. Some of the richest among the people have left their all upon the race-course, and gone home to shame and ruin. And yet men call racing “pleasure ;” but who can reason with them on the subject when they call pigeon-slaughter by the name of “sport ?”

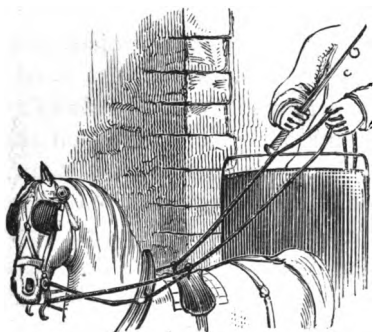
It was a strange motley scene, interesting in many points, but painful in most, for I could see that there **was** more folly than fun in everything around me ; and folly, every thinking creature, horse and man, knows is but the herald of ruin and shame.

I MEET A FRIEND.

I **WAS** musing on the scene when my thoughts were interrupted by a carriage which drew up beside me ;

it was open, and contained two young fellows barely arrived at the recognized age of manhood. Both were well-dressed and in the highest possible spirits. I was immediately interested in them; but my attention was withdrawn by the horse in the brougham, who was in front of me--we stood in fact face to face.

There was a form a little more developed than I had hitherto known it, but quite familiar, from the tip of the well-shaped nose to the end of the ample tail. No need for that amused expression of face



to guide me to a recognition; I knew him at once—it was my old friend Rip, and involuntarily I uttered a loud neigh of joyful surprise.

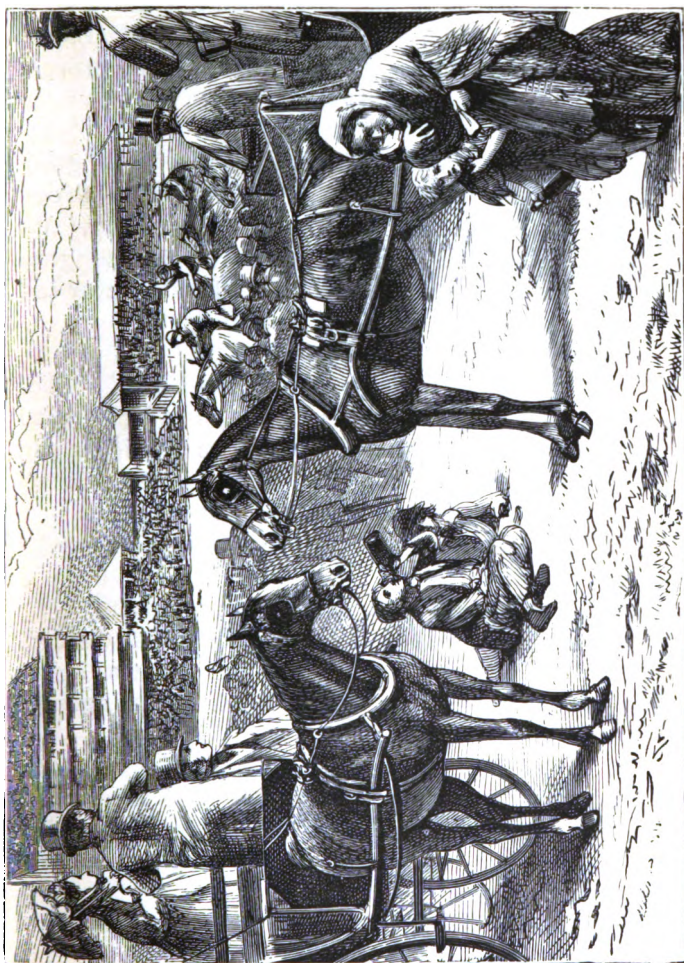
“Hush! pray do,” remonstrated Rip. “Don’t be so vulgar. You really astonish

me with your want of breeding.”

“I was overcome with joy,” I apologized. “Oh, Rip! how often have I longed for such an hour as this!”

“Dear old Blossom,” said Rip affectionately, “it is just like you to think of your old friends. No one, looking at your quiet ways, would imagine that you had half the emotion in you; but your sort of emotion is like still water—it runs deep.”

“But where have you been—and what sort of masters have you had?” I asked.



THE RACE-COURSE.

"I have had only one master since I knew you," replied Rip. "Squire Tracey bought me of Mr. Bayne, and I am with Squire Tracey still. I have brought his two eldest sons here to-day."

"From Upton?" I exclaimed,

"Stupid old Blossom," said Rip, with a good-natured smile in his eyes. "No, Upton is a deal too far away; we came from town this morning. We always spend the fashionable months in the great metropolis—West End of course. I have never cast eyes upon the east side of Temple Bar."

"And they treat you well, Rip?"

"Nobly—from the squire to the groom," replied Rip. "As for the groom, he is so kind to me that I positively love the fellow. He carries a whip as part of the furniture of the brougham, but I really cannot tell you if there is a lash upon it or not."

"I congratulate you upon your good fortune," I said, repressing a sigh. "My lot has not been so pleasant as I could wish, but I won't complain."

"There never was such a horse as you to endure," returned Rip; "and yet it's not from want of spirit: you have a tremendous deal of work in you, and you always did your duty nobly."

"It is only right to do so, Rip," I said, feeling rather foolish over this unmerited praise; and then at his request I gave him a brief outline of my life, and just as I concluded, Benjamin Bunter and his friend the plumber returned.

"Melrose is first favourite," he said to his wife. "I have put the money in, and we are safe to win. The men who ought to know say he can't lose;" and the

man's face beamed as if the race was already over and he a winner.

"Poor fool," said Rip contemptuously ; "one of the numberless thousands who make the betting knaves of the turf rich. He is a sporting greengrocer—earns his money with toil, gets a tip or hint from a trainer or jockey, who perchance knows no more than he, and risks not only his own money, but that which is due to others in the way of business. I have seen many like him, Blossom, and I know full well the expression in his face—he is elated because he is hopeful ; but if his hopes in this case are foiled, he is a ruined man."

"I hope not," I said.

"It is a fact," replied Rip. "See how he licks his lips and nervously presses his hands together ; now he takes a sip from the bottle, as if *that* could help him. Poor fellow ! there are thousands like him to-day upon this course, and in an hour more than two-thirds of them will realize their folly, and return home dejected, ruined, miserable—unless they drink, which but wards off the pain for a time, and brings it back tenfold on the morrow. But hush ! here come the horses—the noblest and most graceful of our race."

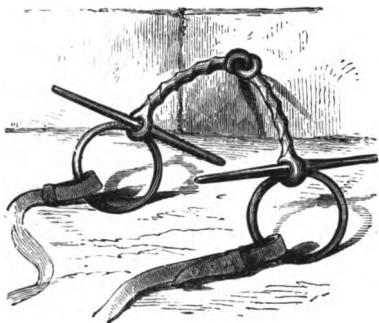
RACE-HORSES.

THEN there filed past upon the course, which the police had previously cleared, a line of the most beautiful horses I had ever seen, each with a rider in a coloured jacket and cap upon his back. The glossy coats of the horses shone like rippling water in the sunlight, and their light fawn-like limbs trod the turf

as if they supported creatures of air. Their appearance was greeted with a shout. The ladies uttered little ecstatic cries of admiration; but the men were busy looking out for some particular horse on which their fortunes that day depended.

"There — there," I heard Benjamin Bunter cry, "that's Melrose; isn't he a beauty? There is not another horse in the field like him. The red jacket wins!"

Melrose's rider wore a red jacket, and many a tongue shouted out to him a word of encouragement as he went by; but other horses and riders had their supporters, who were as sanguine as Benjamin Bunter as to their success.



The horses passed on, and left the belt of turf called "the course" perfectly clear. Half an hour's restlessness ensued—the police moved up and down, urging the crowd to keep quiet and not break in upon the open space. Every face was turned to the starting point, and every eye was full of eager hope. Then came a cry, "They're off!" and ere I had fully realized the meaning of these words they came flashing by—a line of panting horses, with frantic riders remorselessly using both whip and spur. The colours of the men were mingled, and I failed to single out the red jacket of Melrose as the

body swept past me, and the next moment the air was full of shouts and cries, and the race was over.

Then came a brief lull, and I saw some numbers hoisted on a board opposite. Benjamin Bunter, with a borrowed field-glass, scanned the figures for a moment, and then fell back with a groan.

"I thought so," said Rip quietly to me; "your master is ruined. Melrose is not one of the first three. I saw him bringing up the tail of the race, looking as if every bit of life had been beaten out of him."

I made no reply, for my thoughts were laden with sorrow: on the whole my master had been kind to me, and his misfortune was mine. Under any circumstances I must have grieved for a ruined man, but the ruin in this case was brought near home to me, and my heart was very heavy indeed.

I was made sad too by what I saw and heard around me. Thousands of tongues were busy with the race, and disappointment was the general tone. It was horrible to hear the cursing heaped upon the horses. Some cursed the winner, some cursed the losers; but no one in my hearing spoke one kind word for the horses who had shown such matchless powers—not a word of their beauty, or the ease and grace of their movements, or of the spirit they had shown in the efforts made.

After the first excitement of the race was over, hamper's were unpacked in all directions, and both men and women began to eat and drink—the winners to celebrate their success, the losers to drown their grief, and the ruined to stave off thought until the morrow. Wandering minstrels began their songs—

women and girls in tawdry finery danced upon the turf to the music of cracked instruments—sunburnt gipsies with babies in their arms stole from carriage to carriage and told fortunes as truthful as the “tip” my unhappy master had received; women laughed, men shouted, children cried; the cornet, the drum, the flute, the tambourine—one and all lent their sounds to the general tumult, and all was riot and confusion.

My eyes ached, my ears tingled, and lifting my head above this distracting scene, I fixed my gaze upon the clear blue heaven above. Oh! how calm and peaceful—how glorious—how beautiful! and far away against a patch of white cloud I saw a speck, and knew by its fluttering movement that it was a skylark singing; but his song was drowned in the popping of champagne corks, the beating of drums, and the thousand and one other noises of the worshippers of Folly.

HATEFUL SCENES.

THE votaries of the race thought as little of the grateful hymn of the skylark as they did of the great Giver to whom it was instinctively addressed. “Oh! man, man,” I cried, “look up and read your lesson there!”

I became so absorbed in my reflections that I had forgotten Rip, until he gave utterance to a very indignant snort, and asked me if I had taken up with sulky ways. This I laughingly denied, and Rip, after pretending for a moment to be very angry with me, chatted on about old associations and his present life, until his two young masters, who had been away for awhile, came back again. They seemed to be indig-

nant and vexed about something, and the younger, as he put his foot upon the step, said aloud—

“John told me that ‘Madcap’ was sure to win—and he was not one of the first three.”

The same song my master sung, but the name was different. Melrose was sure to win, Madcap was sure to win, and neither of them were near it. Surely there must be roguery somewhere.

Rip’s young masters were so annoyed that they would stay no longer, and I had barely time to say a few affectionate words to him ere they gave their servant orders to drive away. Rip, in obedience to a jerk of the reins, turned round, nodding to me carelessly as he did so; but I saw a tear in his eye, and knew that a kind and tender heart lay under his flippant air. I am very fond of Rip, and I am sure he was fond of me.



My party by this time were in a very bad way ; all had drunk a deal more than was good for them, and I heard Mr. Benjamin Bunter challenge Mr. King to fight. The ladies, however, interposed, and nothing came of it. After this they had more drink, and my master sang a song in a loud, cracked voice, and cut a lot of antics which made him appear very foolish. A

few thoughtless people laughed and encouraged him, but I saw more than one man look at him with bitter contempt.

I do not care to say any more about the race-course, the very memory of it sickens me now—it was such a seething mass of folly, drunkenness, and vice ; but I know that I was very glad when we turned our backs upon it, and started for home.

The road was crowded with vehicles full of men and women, most of whom were dressed up with paper feathers and false noses, as if the great object of the day's holiday was to make themselves as ridiculous as possible. A great many in the garb of gentlemen were very much the worse for drink, and amused themselves with pelting the other wayfarers with bags of flour, cheap pincushions, and similar acts of folly—unworthy of men.

A mile from the course we got into a quiet road ; but there were still many carts and carriages before and behind, and every public-house we came to was full. I can see now the number of horses waiting patiently outside for the masters who were drinking themselves into a mad or maudlin state within ; I can hear their oaths and repetitions of their curses upon the horses which failed to win ; I can smell the smoke of the cheap filthy tobacco which curled in great clouds from the open doors and windows ;—that hateful scene and hateful day has haunted me ever since, and will haunt me till I die.

We stopped at many of these public-houses on our way home, and it was late—almost dark—when we arrived at Clapham, and then it began to rain. The



RETURNING FROM THE RACE-COURSE.

clouds had been lowering for some time—but to men who are the worse for drink clouds and sunshine are the same. The people who had assembled to see the holiday-makers return were dispersed by it, and when we reached home even the streets were clear.

The rain was now falling fast; the whole of the party were soaked with rain; and when Benjamin Bunter pulled up at his door, his friends the Kings got out without a word. They just nodded a good-night, and as they passed on I heard Mr. King mutter to his wife that he hated going out in a common cart—there was no comfort in it, and it was not fit for a respectable tradesman.

A RUINED MAN.

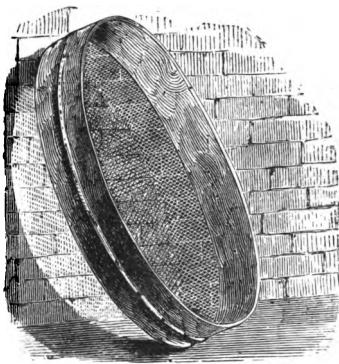
POOR Mrs. Bunter! her bonnet was quite spoiled, and she was crying in a weak, maudlin manner as her husband helped her out. He was in a sulky humour, and when the children came out to greet him he asked them what they meant by sitting up so late, and bade them go to bed at once. Mrs. Bunter supported this rebuff, and went even farther, threatening personal chastisement if she saw them again that night.

My master put me into the stable, tossed a feed into the manger, raked out my bed in a careless manner, and left me for the night. I was very wet and uncomfortable; but a horse has no right to complain, so I munched my food quietly, and made the best of a bad case.

Mr. Bunter's back parlour window was near the stable: the night was warm, and the window was

open, which enabled me to hear a deal of what was said. When my master went in his wife was crying still. He asked her what was the matter in a coarse brutal tone, such as I had never heard him use before. She replied in a querulous angry voice, bewailing the loss of her bonnet and the bad behaviour of Mrs. King, who had said something or other of a very personal nature on the way home.

Then there was a silence for awhile, interrupted only by the half-stifled sobs of Mrs. Bunter. This silence was suddenly broken by my master, who had apparently been brooding. I heard him rise up from his seat, and kicking over the chair, tell his wife to hold her crying about her bonnet and save her tears for something worse, for he had that



day betted with and lost money which was not his own, and he was a bankrupt and a ruined man.

Five days later the bailiffs were upon the premises, and a week afterwards I was put down in the inventory and catalogue of an auctioneer as Lot 96. Everything was to be sold off, for Mr. Benjamin Bunter had told the truth when he informed his wife that he was a ruined man. Always a careless liver, he had allowed debt to accumulate, and when the pinch came, sought to retrieve his position by gambling. The result was

what any sane man might have expected—he made matters worse, adding disgrace to his misfortunes.

Several of the neighbours came to look at me, and I heard many of them speak with great censure upon the fact of my master having so near his bankruptcy wasted his money upon the race-course; but with all of them the sin lay with the betting so near his bankruptcy—against betting itself they said not a word; indeed I found this fearful evil had taken very deep root among the people, and that most of them, both high and low, indulged much or little in the baneful habit.

Benjamin Bunter and his wife and children disappeared. I heard it stated that they were living in a small street near the Borough Market, and that Bunter was working as a labourer there; whether it was true or not I cannot say—I never saw them again.

The day of the sale came on, and I was knocked down to a horse dealer—just such another man as brought me from Upton—for fifteen pounds, and he, even while he was paying the money, loudly declared that I was a bad bargain to any man for eight: this is a habit of his class, and I felt in nowise hurt by the declaration. He took me home, had my coat trimmed, physicked me a little, and then, as before, I figured in a general sale.

A publican named Newman bought me, but I was with him only a week—I was too slow, he said—and then he tried to sell me. Several men came to his stable, but none cared to strike a bargain, so the publican got up a raffle, with forty members at ten shillings

per head. The humiliation of being disposed of in this way has haunted me ever since, but like other things I have learnt to bear it. A Mr. Somerfield won me; but he was a railway clerk, without either the accommodation for keeping or the time to use a horse, and I was sold again at once to a chimney sweep.

GOOD LUCK.

My new master took me home, and put me into a stable with a tall bony horse belonging to a carrier who worked between Hornsey and London. I tried to make friends with this horse at once, and found that I had no easy task ahead of me, for my companion, naturally rather inclined to be grumpy, was furthermore suffering from a very bad cold.

Kind words and patience, however, are capital things, and within an hour we were chatting confidentially together. From him I learned that the life of a carrier's horse was a very hard one—out all weathers, standing about in the cold and wet, and journeying a long way with very heavy loads to drag, and sometimes, especially about Christmas time, the work of the day was not over until past midnight.

"They don't think much about our welfare," concluded my companion with a sigh; "when one horse is worn out they buy another, and work him to death in his turn."

"Are worn-out carriers' horses taken to the—the—ahem!—the knackers?" I inquired.

I knew I was upon delicate ground, and tried to

put the question as pleasantly as possible. My companion answered with perfect freedom.

"Some go to the knackers," he replied. "But very few of us are entirely worn out; there is a little life left in us yet, and we go to the cab proprietors generally for night work."

"To run in the night cabs?"

"Just so."

"What sort of work is that?" I asked.

"Don't ask me," was the reply, given with a shudder. "If it ever be your lot you will know all about it; if you escape it, better remain in ignorance of its horrible misery."

A strange quiver ran through my frame. I did not know then what I know now, that it was a sympathetic foreshadowing of the life that was to be.

I remained in the stable four days, and during that time saw many people who were looking after a horse. I was, however, not the horse they wanted, and none of them were the style of master I wished; so it happily fell out that I was still on hand at the end of the four days, when an elderly gentleman came to look at me.

I saw in an instant that this was the master for me. His age was about sixty, and his face was radiant with love and goodwill; there was a tenderness in the very way he looked at me, and my heart warmed towards him the moment he entered the stable.

A man who had charge of the stable came with him, and expressed his readiness to trot me up and down to show off my action or speed.

"No, no," said the old gentleman; "there is no

need for that ; I can see it is the horse I want, patient and quiet. My daughter is a great invalid, and this is just the thing to suit her. I know the price, and the price will suit me. What is his name ? ”

“ Blossom,” replied the man.

“ Poor Blossom,” returned the old gentleman, patting me tenderly ; “ long past the spring-time of life, but a good creature, I warrant, still. Send him to Maythorn Lodge to-night. Graham is my name.”

As he left the stable my heart bounded with joy at the prospect of such a master. Here at last was a hope of a long-encouraged dream to be realized—a home where I could end my old days in happiness and peace. I lay among the straw revolving this bright, pleasant hope again and again within my mind, half sleeping, half waking, with a sense of being at *rest*. I pondered thus until the evening drew nigh, and a stable-boy made his appearance to take me home.

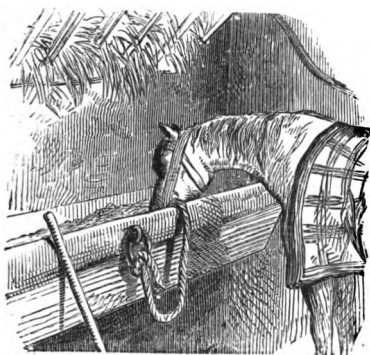
The lad bore a distant resemblance to his master ; but it was in expression and not in feature. The kindness of the employer had set a seal upon the employed, and I read contentment and happiness upon every feature. If any confirmation was wanted as to the nature of the home I was going to, this gave it to me ; and with a heart fast beating with joy and hope, I stepped out lightly close behind my guide.

MY GENTLE MISTRESS.

I FOUND Maythorn Lodge all and more than I either desired or expected. It was called a lodge, but it

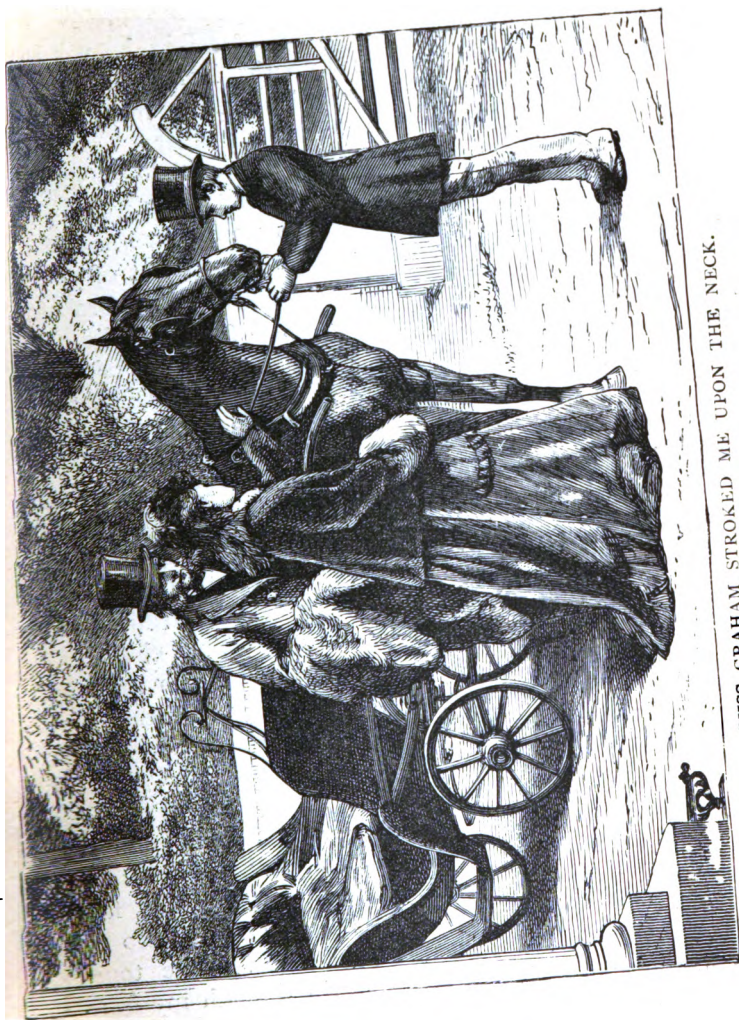
was in reality a very substantial and well-built family residence, about two miles on the Finchley Road.

The great tidal wave of bricks and mortar which has since flooded the green fields of Finchley was yet far away, and the country round about my new master's home was very beautiful—almost as beautiful as the place where I spent the first days of my life. London was not far away it is true; but we had green trees on one side to shut out the view of the dismal smoke, and



from the other the wind came over Hampstead Heath, bearing on its bosom the untainted perfume of green meadows and sweet fields. I had a small, well-kept stable for a residence, and all my wants were attended to by a lad of fourteen

years of age, who in addition to this helped the gardener in his work. A few words in passing respecting this boy. I gathered from what I heard that he had been originally one of the ragged unfortunates of the London streets, and that Mr. Graham had taken him home as an experiment, to see what could be done with those wretched outcasts. The experiment was on the whole satisfactory. The boy—who went by the name of Roberts—was devotedly attached to his master, and although he had bickerings with the other servants, especially with the gardener, who most inju-



MISS GRAHAM STROKED ME UPON THE NECK.

ditionally cast reflections upon his origin, he was on the whole a well-conducted youth. For my own part, I must say he was an excellent lad to me, and we became very much attached to each other.

Mr. Graham and his daughter were the only members of the household at home ; but there was a son at college, who, as far as reports were concerned, was a very fine dashing young fellow—an object of great interest to all in Maythorn Lodge. Miss Graham was, as her father had declared, a great invalid. It was in the month of May that I took up my residence at the Lodge, and the weather, warm and balmy as it was, seemed to be too keen for the delicate frame. I remember her appearing at the door as I drew up, with her fragile form wrapped up in cloaks and furs, as if there were no sun shining in the heavens, and the keen cutting blasts of winter were sweeping up from the adjoining heath. Her face was beautiful, and there was a colour upon her cheeks which rivalled the blush on a May-born rose ; her eyes—blue, clear, and thoughtful—were in harmony with the rich mass of golden hair which clustered o’er her forehead, and fell in masses over her shoulders. But beneath it all there lay something indefinable, something without a name, which told me that the young life was fleeting. I read this in her face, and I saw it plainer in the tender solicitude of the father, and the anxious, sorrowful look he wore when her face was turned from his. She came down, and before getting into the carriage stroked me upon the neck. The touch, feather-like as it was, sent a thrill through my frame—it was different to anything I had known for years.

"It is an old horse," said Mr. Graham, "but a very quiet one. You want air more than exercise, Nellie dear."

"It is a very nice horse, and will suit me," she said quietly.

Then they got into the carriage.

I felt by the touch that Miss Graham was driving me—a little experience soon tells a horse who is behind him; and we soon entered upon a quiet part of the road, when the gentle strain relaxed, and I was allowed to have my own way. I trotted on, with an occasional walk, for an hour or more, and then the reins tightened, and I was turned towards home.

SORROW IN STORE.

ALL the way home Nellie prattled to her father, and all her talk was what she would do next summer. Next summer she would be so well and happy. Archibald—that was her brother—would take his degree, and be home for a holiday; and Harry—here her voice quivered a little—who loved her, and was over the sea, would be back again. Next summer was to be everything to her;—but she had entered upon her last summer here!

To all this Mr. Graham said little; but in every word he uttered I detected a ring of sorrow and compassion: he knew what many others knew—that with her the day was far spent, and the night coming on. Oh, how I pitied them both! and I pitied them the more for the love I bore them—so kind, so gentle, so tender to me, who had known the rough road

of life, and felt the thorns and briars which grow on every side. This day was but the type of many. If the sun shone and the wind was soft we invariably went out : not always the same road, but at all times seeking quiet thoroughfares, where I was allowed to travel as I pleased. A happy time for me—I had indeed fallen upon pleasant places. Well fed, well cared for, tenderly spoken to, treated as a horse *should* be, the days passed like hours, and the weeks like days, and so the summer fled.

With the autumn came a change : our drives soon decreased in number, and at last entirely stopped. This was what I had feared—what I had looked forward to with dread and sorrow. My young mistress's days were numbered, and she was—to use one of the tenderest expressions from the lips of man—going home. Her father knew, and all around her knew, that there was no hope ; but this doctor was sent for, and that doctor was sent for, and took their fees, until the last. The only exercise I got was with Roberts, who took me out for a canter two or three times a week ; and it was through the neighbours, who stopped the lad to inquire how Miss Nellie was, that I learnt what I did about her. The death so long threatening came at last. The time is scored deep upon my memory, and the night my darling mistress passed away I shall never forget. Her brother—who was studying hard, so they said—was kept in ignorance of her condition almost to the last. It was her wish, I believe—one of the many unselfish thoughts of hers to which I could bear witness ; and so when he came, the poor flickering flame of life was

nearly gone. In the afternoon of the well-remembered day I heard Roberts tell the gardener that Miss Nellie was not expected to live throughout the night. This aroused my already absorbing interest, and touching with a ruder touch than I had known before the cores of my heart, kept me alive to every word and movement around me.

The evening passed on, and the sun set amidst a mass of wind-tossed clouds, and with the night came storm and rain. It raged until midnight, and then the heavens cleared, and the stars came out with their twinkling faces looking down upon the wondering earth, emblems of peace, and rest, and hope. I was gazing at them through my half-open stable door, when Roberts came in and threw himself upon the straw, weeping bitterly ; and the sorrow of the boy told me that all was over !

What I felt that night I do not care to tell—the sorrow of the time was too deep for words. I loved my mistress ; she had come upon me like sunshine after storm—her very touch was balm to my wounded spirit—and she was gone ! Roberts made a deal of noise over his sorrow, and I have no doubt he felt the loss ; but his wound was not so deep as mine, I warrant you.

They buried my mistress quietly, as she wished ; and then another misfortune came upon me. Mr. Graham was taken ill. Mr. Archibald did not go back to college, but remained with his father ; and from this I argued that the illness was of a very serious nature. Then came a dread upon me of what was to come, and I was very unhappy indeed.

G

BAD TIMES.

I SAW very little of Mr. Archibald, and what I did see was not pleasing to me. He appeared to be very proud and imperious, and talked to everybody in a very commanding way. As for *me*, he only came once into the stable, and then he positively laughed at me, called me a "broken-down hack," and asked Roberts why I was not sent to the knackers.

"Miss Nellie was very fond of Blossom, sir," replied Roberts; "he isn't much to look at, but he isn't a bad horse—he is very willing, sir."

This recommendation made no impression upon Mr. Archibald, who laughed contemptuously and went away; but I felt very grateful to the boy Roberts, who preferred speaking the truth to toadying to the disparaging opinions of his young master. Mr. Graham was very ill, suffering from brain fever, the result of many months of anxiety and watchfulness over his daughter. The illness had long been pending, and descended upon him with terrible force. He became delirious, raving night and day, until nature was exhausted, and a calm settling upon him, he followed his daughter to the grave.

This second blow, following so closely upon the first, fairly broke me down; a gloom settled upon the house, but nowhere so darkly as upon me. I not only grieved deeply for the great loss I had sustained, but there was the weight of a dark uncertain future hanging over me.

I saw nobody but Roberts until the second funeral

was over ; and a few days after the event, Mr. Archibald, Roberts, and another servant in livery entered the stable. The latter person seemed to be very deferential to Mr. Archibald, and I saw at once that he was his own servant—a man I had heard Roberts speak of as Mr. Archibald's Hoskins.

"There, that's the nag, Hoskins," said Mr. Archibald ; "I make you a present of him, instead of a Christmas-box by-and-by. He will fetch something for cats'-meat, if for nothing else."

This unmerited insult was received with an approving laugh from Hoskins ; but Roberts, with tears in his eyes, stepped forward and said :

"If you please, Mr. Archibald, Miss Nellie always said Blossom was not to be sold."

"Did she ?" returned Mr. Archibald. "And pray what was to be done with him ?"

"Master said he would keep him while he lived, and leave enough money to keep him at grass in his old days, if he died before him."

Oh, kind mistress and worthy master ! you have the thanks a horse can give for the noble thought ; but, alas ! it was never to be.

"There was nothing of the sort in his will," said Mr. Archibald ; "and I do not feel called upon to carry out such a sentimental scheme upon your bare assertion, my lad. Hoskins, the animal is yours ; get him out of the way as soon as you can, for I want the stable for my own horses."

Having thus sealed my fate, he turned upon his heel and went his way. The cold, selfish sentence of Mr. Archibald Graham was carried out. I will make

no comment upon the character of this young man, but leave my readers to judge his conduct for themselves. A few hours later I left him and Maythorn Lodge behind me.

Hoskins took me down to Smithfield, where he sold me to the proprietor of an advertising van ; and for four months I dragged behind me a huge unsightly structure of light boarding, whereon was pasted the advertisements my master was employed to make known.

Sometimes we puffed a patent pill, warranted to cure every form of suffering known to man ; at another time we vaunted the merits of some low wretched comic singer, who did his best nightly to degrade already fallen man ; and then this gave way to a wholesale outfitter's declaration that he was the best of tailors ; and so we went on, until an Act of Parliament swept advertising vans from the public streets, and my master's trade was ruined.

This was a very wretched time for me : I was badly stabled, badly fed ; I was never once decently groomed all the time I was with this man.

IN THE NIGHT CABS.

SOMETIMES, it is true, my master scratched my back with a bit of a curry-comb, and threw a pail or two of water over my legs ; but this was all, and what with the life I led, and the wet weather and the dirt of the streets, I sank down very low and became a poor wretched object indeed.

I was sold again for so small a sum that I will not



TALK IN THE STABLE.

name it—none who knew poor Blossom in his earliest days would have dreamt that he could have come to such a pass. This buyer was Mr. Crabbe, livery stable keeper and cab proprietor of Hackney Marsh—the last master I shall ever know.

He kept about a dozen horses—eight of them young and in good condition ; the rest were pitiable objects like myself, and we were reserved for night-work.

I need not tell you that our position in the stable was anything but an enviable one. The young horses turned up their noses at us ; and upon the strength of being better fed and better cared for than our wretched selves, treated us with the greatest possible contempt. Mr. Crabbe himself seemed to have no thought or care for us, and never once, from the hour I became his property to the present moment, did he ever bestow a kind word or a caress upon me.

As for my duty—my work as night cab horse—I will speak more of that presently ; but just now I must tell of an incident which occurred in the stable, as it bears upon the fate of a friend who is very dear to me—I mean Rip, the noble, handsome Rip.

One day, late in the afternoon, Mr. Crabbe brought home a new horse, a young thing about four years of age, which he put in the stall next to mine. I just glanced at him, but made no attempt to open a conversation, as I had endured so many insults and snubbings from the better horses of our stable ; and after a time forgetting him, fell into a musing mood. My fancy carried me back, as it often did, to my place of birth, and the paddock and the surrounding scene rose up before me. For a moment the quietude of the

sweet place was upon me, and bowing my head I murmured, "Oh, Upton, Upton! would that I could take these old bones down to your green fields! Would that I could lie down beside your sweet river and give up my life!"

"Who talks of Upton?" said a voice near me; and turning my head I saw the stranger look at me with an inquisitive face.

"I do," I replied: "do you know the place?"

"I ought to," replied the other; "for I have only just left it, and a bad leave it is for me, I fear. I was reared on Mr. Bayne's farm, and a kinder master never lived."

I could barely speak for the tumultuous throbbing of my heart, but I managed to stammer out, "Tell me all you know; is Mr. Bayne alive?" And then I asked for my mother, and the stranger told me what I expected to hear, that she had lived to a good old age, and had died a year ago.

"And Mr. Bayne?" I asked again.

"He is getting into years, but hale and hearty still," replied my informant. "But just before I came away a sad accident happened to a farmer named Martin. Boxer was his horse, who used to bring him home from market when he had been drinking; but Boxer was getting old and blind, I suppose, and walked out of the road into the mill pond. Be it as it may Mr. Martin and Boxer were found drowned together."

I expressed my sorrow for both master and horse, and then with a palpitating heart I inquired after my old friend Rip.

"Rip, Rip, let me see," said my companion, thought-

fully ; "an old horse belonging to the Tracey family, is it not ?"

It seemed so odd to hear any one speaking of Rip as an old horse : but time had flown since we met, and he, like me, was past his prime. But he could not be so worn-out as I was—his lot had fallen upon smoother places than mine ; still he was old, there was no disputing that.

"A sad accident happened to this Rip," continued my informant ; "a careless groom drove him against another carriage, and a splinter entering his leg, he was lamed for life."

"And what has become of him ?" I asked softly, my thoughts running upon knives and guns in an instant.

"The family with whom he lives are very kind to horses," was the reply—"especially the elder branches. Rip has served them well, I believe, and they have rewarded him by making arrangements for him to end his days in the paddock where he lived when young. His leg will never be of any real service again, but it has ceased to pain him, and he limps about as happy and contented as a horse can be."

GOOD NEWS OF RIP.

AFTER a time I said, "Oh, Rip, my friend, this is good news of you. Long may you live to enjoy your well-earned rest and ease !" There was a choking feeling in my throat as I thought of our different lots, but I hope it was not the result of envy. Envy is as bad in a horse as it is in a man.

"Did he ever speak of a horse named Blossom?" I ventured to ask softly, after a pause.

"Very often," replied my companion—"wondering what had become of him—and always in terms of the greatest compassion. I fancy that Blossom is rather an unfortunate horse. Do you know him?"

I did not answer, for my heart was full, and my brain was busy with thinking of my dear old friend, high-spirited, noble Rip—and generous too, for he could think of me—poor, simple, vulgar Blossom. I felt very sorry for having neighed so loudly when I met him on the race-course; but he forgave me, and what more could I want?

I ought to have been sleeping that afternoon; but the news concerning Rip drove all thoughts of rest from my brain, and I had not closed my eyes when the ostler came in to harness me for my nightly work.

No harder lot could have fallen upon a horse than that which befell me. The night-work of cab horses is bad at the best, but mine was worse than the ordinary lot of these unfortunate creatures. I was driven by a man named Stevens—a coarse, brutal fellow, who could not drive a yard without using the whip and supplementing his cruelty with bitter oaths.

Then my work was in the night, when fallen man



shows up at his worst. Oh! the sad scenes I have witnessed! the dreadful things I have heard! When the dark mantle has fallen upon the earth, Vice comes out boldly and walks under the stars as if there were no great witness of its infamy far above. Then man comes out of the dark alleys and robs and plunders, and does desperate deeds of violence to others who stagger homeward soddened with drink. Do the shameless and vicious think that night screens their evil deeds? Is it possible that they can think it less sinful to act under the starlight than under the broad beams of the midday sun; or is it that vice and folly cannot, dare not come out and face the pure golden light in the sky? Oh, man! have you forgotten that night was given to rest in, and not to riot away? Better be in your graves than out and doing the things I have seen you perform.

I shrink from any further record of this time—sad and cruel for me from the first, and sad and cruel still; but in the darkness, standing by the hour together in the chill fog, who could marvel that this old body sank under it, and that I am broken in health? I am not so old a horse in actual years; but misfortune, neglect, and ill-usage have brought me to the end of my life long before my time.

EXIT BLOSSOM.

LAST night, while dragging a fare up Ludgate Hill, my head suddenly swam round, and I staggered and fell. When I came to, there was a small knot of night prowlers around me, and Stevens the driver



POOR BLOSSOM'S LAST DAYS.

was kicking my ribs with his heavy boots. I got up somehow, and I staggered on, half blind, and every bone in my body aching most terribly. The fare left the cab in Cannon Street, and shortly after I fell again. I did not faint, but I lay utterly helpless and exhausted. Stevens kicked me until he was tired; but I could not rise for half an hour or more, and when I did scramble to my feet I could not drag the cab, and Stevens, putting it under shelter, led me home.

I heard him tell Mr. Crabbe what had befallen me, and the livery stable keeper positively *laughed*—think of it, my friends, the man laughed at my misery and the brutality of the driver!

“It must have come sooner or later,” I heard Mr. Crabbe say; “he has lasted longer than I expected. As you go home tell the knacker to give me a look up to-morrow.”

I heard my sentence almost without a quiver. I was so worn out, so reduced by pain, so weary of my existence, that I had no wish to exist. Better die a thousand times than live on as I have lived during the past six months.

I was resigned, but with my resignation came a sense of gross injustice. I had toiled all the days of my life for man, and when worn out and broken, doomed to die in a knacker’s yard! It may be just—man is wiser than I am; but it seemed hard to end one’s days in such a place.

In the midst of my gloom a thought arose which gives me consolation to this moment—*I have done my duty*. None of my masters from the first to the last,

can accuse me of having shirked my work or shown the least disposition to vice ; and there is a companion thought to it which gives me further comfort—I am sure that many of those who knew me, most of them ignorant of my fate, will speak kindly of me when I am gone, and say a good word for poor Blossom.

I have a hope too—a hope which I hold close to my heart—and that is of Rip, dear, noble Rip, roaming over the paddock I know so well, with the gentle stream flowing at its base, and the old water-mill turning in the sunlight, and the song of the lark and the hum of the bee in his ear, and the sweet-scented clover throwing its perfume into his grateful nostrils. As you wander thus, oh, noble Rip, I hope—ah, *know*—that you will sometimes think of your old friend, who served mankind all his life, and died by the knacker's hand !





A FRIEND IN NEED. (*See page 39.*)

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
TEACHERS' LIBRARY

No. _____

ANECDOTES OF HORSES.

AT HOME IN THE WILDS.

"THE horse," said Napoleon, "is the link between the animal and God. How do we know that animals have not a language of their own? I think it very rash to deny that they have one because we do not understand it." Nobody who has studied the habits of horses when free and wild can deny that they talk together. The safety of the herd depends on brotherly intercourse and fellowship, and this cannot be carried on without intercommunication of some sort.

In order to do him justice, the horse must be considered as still retaining in his highly-developed condition to-day many peculiarities incident to his original temperament. Timidity was once the safeguard of his ancestors, who scoured over the desert plains to escape their foes ; it is now at the root of all his so-called faults. Nothing but kindness, which disarms his fears, will cure the horse of shying, jibbing, nervousness of all sorts, and even of ill temper and obstinacy. These are one and all the results of some sort of dread, either past or present.

The horse is universally acknowledged to be one of

the noblest members of the animal kingdom. He possesses the finest shape imaginable, a marvel of symmetry and grace. Unencumbered by those external appendages which characterize many of the larger quadrupeds, his frame is a perfect model of elegance and concentrated energy. The elephant is weighted by his tusks, and the camel carries an unwieldy hump, but the horse seems made for beauty as well as strength.

His spirit or mind is as beautiful as his body. Highly sensitive, yet exceedingly tractable, proud yet persevering, and meek to those whom he loves; naturally of a roving disposition, yet readily accommodating himself to domestic life and to the confinement of a stable, he has been one of mankind's most valuable aids to a civilized life. What could we do without him?

In every phase of his gradual ascent from savagery to refinement and culture, the horse has been man's best ally, and has borne him company from the temporary tent to the permanent city.

By his physical structure the horse is fitted for dry open plains that yield a short sweet herbage. His hoof is not adapted for wading in swamps, nor for crossing sandy plains, and though he may occasionally be seen browsing on tender shoots, yet he could subsist neither in the jungle nor in the forest. His lips and teeth, however, are admirably adapted for cropping the shortest grass, and thus he luxuriates where many other herbivorous animals would starve.

Without water, however, the horse cannot get on; he is at all times a liberal drinker. The cruelty of

keeping him without frequent supplies of water when working hard will thus be seen. He cannot crush his food like the hippopotamus, nor does he ruminate like the ox; but he grinds the herbage with a peculiar lateral notion of the jaw which looks not unlike the action of a millstone. He delights in the irrigated vale and open glade, and the savannahs of America the steppes of Asia, and the plains of Europe must be regarded as his headquarters when in a wild state.

A doubt is expressed, however, as to the original locality of the horse. The wild herds of America are looked upon as the descendants of Spanish breeds imported by the first conquerors of that continent; those of Ukraine in Europe are said to be the progeny of the Russian horses abandoned after the siege of Azoph in 1696, and even those of Tartary are regarded as coming from a more southern stock.

Naturalists therefore look to the countries bordering on Egypt as in all likelihood the primitive place of residence of this magnificent animal, and there is no doubt that the Arabian breed, when perfectly pure, presents the finest specimen of a horse in mental capability, docility, fleetness, and courage as well as beauty.

THE HORSE IN ARABIA.

PROBABLY it is owing to the love and care which the Arab lavishes on his four-footed comrade that he flourishes so well in that land. The horses of the Arab, and of other nomad people who bestow the greatest kindness and attention on them, are devotedly

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attached to their masters. To the Arabs they are as dear as their own children, and the constant intercourse arising from living in the same tent with their owner and his family, creates a familiarity that could not otherwise be effected, and a tractability that arises from the kindest usage only. The gentle Arabian horses suffer the children to rest on their bodies and necks without in the least incommoding them, and seem afraid to move lest they should hurt the little ones.

The whole stock-in-trade of a poor Arabian of the desert consisted of one mare of matchless beauty and of the purest blood. She was his fortune, his house, lands, money, goods, and friend all in one—she was his all in all. This beautiful mare was coveted by the French Consul at Saïd, who offered to purchase her, with the intention of sending her to France.

The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated for a long time, but at length, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money which he named, he consented to part with her. The man, who was so poor as to possess only one miserable rag to cover his body, brought his splendid courser to the Frenchman's abode. He dismounted, and looking first at his gold and then steadfastly at the mare, heaved a deep sigh. "To whom is it," he exclaimed, "that I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans! who will tie thee close—who will beat thee! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children." As he pronounced these words he sprang upon her back, and was out of sight almost in a moment.

Whether or not the horse is of Asiatic origin, we

now find him associated with man in almost every region of the globe. Like the dog, ox, sheep, and a few other creatures, he seems capable of accommodating himself to very different climates and conditions, and assumes a shaggy coat or a sleek skin, according as his adopted land is warm or cold. People make a great mistake in clipping their horses so as to expose them to inclement weather without their natural clothing. This makes them delicate, and the practice is at the root of many of their worst diseases. In size the horse varies greatly, just as the circumstances of food, treatment and surroundings require. Horses there are scarcely inferior to elephants in size, while others stand no higher than an English mastiff.

In ordinary systems of zoology the horse is classed with the Pachyderms, or thick-skinned animals, as the elephant, tapir, hog, hippopotamus and rhinoceros. Differing from the rest of the class in many respects, he has been taken as the representative of a distinct family known by the name of Equidæ, from *equus*, a horse, which embraces the horse, ass, zebra, quagga, and others. All these animals have solid hoofs, are destitute of horns, have moderately-sized ears, are more or less furnished with manes, and have their tails either partially or entirely covered with long hair.

The family may, as a matter of convenience, be divided into two sections, the one comprehending the horse and his varieties, and the other the ass, zebra, and remaining members. In the former the tail is adorned with long flowing hair, and the fetlocks are bushy; the latter have the tail only tipped with long hair, the mane erect, and the legs smooth and un-

clothed with hair. The colours of the horse have a tendency to *dapple*, that is to arrange themselves in rounded spots on a plain ground ; in the ass, zebra, and other genera the colours are arranged in stripes more or less parallel.

The original hue of the wild horse has been supposed to be a sandy colour, and this dusky shade made it safer for him to browse upon the plains, where from a distance he looked like a patch of bare earth. In a domestic state he needs this colour protection less, and he becomes brown, chestnut, roan, bay, white, or black.

FRIENDLY DISPOSITION.

IN a state of nature the horse loves to herd with his fellows ; and droves of from four to five hundred, or even double that number, are seen if the range be wide and fertile. The members of these vast droves are very inoffensive in their habits, and, when not startled or hunted, are rather playful and frolicsome. Now they will gallop over the prairie in groups as if running races for mere amusement, then they will suddenly stop, paw the soil, and after snorting with delight, start off straight as an arrow, or wheeling in circles, making the ground shake with their wild antics.

It is impossible to conceive a more animated picture than a group of wild horses at play. Their fine forms are thrown into a thousand statuesque attitudes, and as they rear, curvet, dilate their nostrils, and speed away with mane erect and flowing tail, or paw the air in quivering, nervous eagerness to begin the contest

and outstrip their companions, they present forms of vigour and freedom which no painter could ever put upon canvas, and no sculptor could represent in marble.



COMRADES.

They seldom shift their stations unless compelled to do so by failure of pasture or of water ; and thus they acquire a boldness and confidence in their haunts which it is rather unsafe to disturb. They never attack

other animals, but always act on the defensive. Having browsed and eaten as much as they require for the time, the herd of horses retire to some sheltered place, the confines of a forest or some favourite nook, where they lie down or hang about listlessly on their legs, half asleep for hours together.

It has been supposed that every large herd is subdivided into smaller troops, each headed by a stallion. These keep awake to give warning of approaching danger while the rest sleep. Young stallions are often compelled to keep a respectful distance from the main body of horses until they have succeeded in collecting a troop of mares of their own. Their heads are seldom observed to be down for any length of time when once they are in charge of a family. Now and then the chieftain or guardian horse utters a kind of snort, with a low neigh ; this note of precaution has been quite lost by the domestic horse.

The horse which protects and guides others has a remarkably piercing sight. The point of a spear or muzzle of a gun lifted against the sky ; the head of a man hiding behind a bush, or even an unnatural movement in the grass or trees at a great distance on the horizon is enough for him. He makes a signal to the whole troop to halt. But this is not a token of alarm. Soon they resume their march or feeding till some young stallion on the outskirts begins to blow his nostrils, moves his ears in all directions, and trots forward to reconnoitre, bearing his head very high and his tail stuck out. If his curiosity is satisfied, he stops and begins to graze ; but if he sees reason to confirm his apprehensions, he flings up his crest, turns round,

and with a particularly shrill cry warns the herd, which immediately turns and gallops off at an amazing rate.

In the course of their wild career the mares and foals disappear as if by enchantment, because with unerring tact they select the first swell of ground or ravine to conceal them, until they reappear at a great distance, generally in a direction to preserve the lee-side of the apprehended danger. They often look back over their shoulders as they run.

Although bears and wolves occasionally prowl after a herd, they will seldom venture to attack it. If they should do so, the Emperor Horse, or commanding officer, who is always the strongest stallion of the whole, will instantly advance to meet the enemy. Rising on his haunches this splendid Sultan-Horse strikes down the foe with his fore-feet, and should he be worsted, another stallion will take his part, though this does not often happen.

In case a troop of wolves should surround the herd in formidable numbers, the grand nature of the horse shows itself in a striking manner.

Forming into a dense mass, the wives and children being placed in the middle for security, the male part of the herd faces their would-be conquerors. Then the stallions charge in a body, and this terrible onset no troop of wolves will venture to encounter a second time.

In a domestic state the horse suffers much from solitary confinement, and this is often the secret of his occasional sullenness. He ought to have a companion of some sort. Some time ago a race-horse refused his

food, and became ill in consequence. No reason could be found for the sickness, but at length his groom guessed the cause. A little kitten had been in the habit of amusing him with her gambols by day, and of creeping upon his back at night to sleep. The lonely monotony of his stable had been beguiled by this frolicsome little friend, and the horse pined when Kitty was taken away. She was brought back as an experiment. The horse whinnied with pleasure at seeing her again, and from that moment he revived.

CURIOUS FRIENDSHIPS.

WE cannot expect the horse, a gregarious animal, to forget all his propensities in a domesticated state. He is evidently more comfortable when associated with other horses than when alone. In a field horses will herd together, form friendships, gambol with each other, and rush to the hedge to stare at a strange horse, as if to say, "Well, what sort of a fellow are you?"

They perform little acts of service for one another, nibbling each other's hides, either for the sake of amusement or in order to allay the irritation caused by stinging flies. After one horse has helped his friend in this way, he expects to have the favour returned, and will indicate the spot which he wishes to have bitten by touching the same place on his comrade's body.

In fact, the horse, unless utterly broken-spirited and crushed by abuse, *will* have a friend; when he cannot have one of his own kind, he will attach himself to animals of a different species. One of the most

celebrated racers in our country, called Eclipse, some years ago contracted a close friendship with a sheep.



TWO'S COMPANY BUT THREE'S NONE.

Rather than be all forlorn in his paddock, a pony will talk to the fowls or pigs.

"My neighbour's horse," says White of Selborne, "will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his forefeet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window, and yet in other respects he is remarkably quiet."

A gentleman in Bristol had a greyhound, who slept in the stable with a very fine hunter, of about five years of age. These animals became deeply attached to each other. The greyhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, who was so fond of him that he became unhappy and restless when the dog was out of his sight. When his master called at the stable to take the greyhound for a walk, the horse would look over his shoulder with much anxiety, and neigh in a way which meant, "Let me come too."

When the dog came back he was greeted with a loud neigh. He ran up to the horse and licked his nose, and, in return, the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day when the groom was out with the horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter, and quickly bore him to the ground. Upon this the horse threw back his ears, rushed at the strange dog who was worrying his friend, seized him by the back with his teeth, which speedily made him loose his hold, and shook him like a rat. The offender no sooner got on his feet than he thought discretion the better part of valour, and beat a hasty retreat.

A man named Thomas Rae once purchased a lamb, of the black-faced breed, from a shepherd passing by

his village with a large flock. He put the lamb into a field in company with a cow and a Galloway horse. The lamb was so loath to part with his fleecy comrades that some difficulty was experienced in separating him from them; but he soon accommodated himself to his new neighbours. Though he took little notice of the cow, he manifested great affection for the horse, who, not insensible to the timid but tender approaches of the little new-comer, received him with great affection.

The lamb and the horse were to be seen together under all circumstances: whether the horse was being ridden or driven, the lamb would trot by his side. Of course, a crowd of people often collected to see this odd spectacle, and when frightened at the number of strange faces and the hurly-burly, the lamb would seek an asylum beneath the horse's stomach, and pop his head out between his fore or hind legs with looks of conscious security.

When they were separated, which could only be done by force, the lamb would cry in the most plaintive way, and the horse would answer him with responsive neighings. On one occasion they both strayed into an adjoining field, in which was a flock of sheep. The lamb joined his own relations for a time till he saw the horse's owner take him away, when he left them to follow him. At another time the horse was ridden through a large flock; the lamb, though pleased to meet his own kind, would not leave his dear friend even for his natural companions,

BOON COMPANIONS.

As already remarked, the attachments which the horse will form when separated from his own kind are often curious and inexplicable, showing how much the whole animal creation, from man to the humblest insect, is under the influence of kindly feeling. "Even great disparity of kind," again says the famous White of Selborne, "does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship; for a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened to have one solitary hen.

"These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself quietly against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion."

Dr. Smith, of the Queen's County Militia, had a beautiful hackney, who, though extremely spirited, was also wonderfully docile. He had at the same time a Newfoundland dog named Cæsar. These animals were devotedly attached to each other, each keeping guard over the interests of his friend and taking an interest in all that befell him. The dog was kept in the stable at night, and always lay close to the horse. When Dr. Smith practised in Dublin he visited

his patients on horseback, and had no other servant but Cæsar to take care of the horse. When he went into a house he gave the reins to Cæsar. The horse



TAKING HIM TO WATER.

stood very quiet while his master was in the house. When the doctor had a patient not far distant from the place where he had paid his last visit, he did not think it worth while to remount, but would call to the horse and dog. They both instantly obeyed, and

remained motionless opposite the next door which he entered till he came out again. The citizens of Maryborough had plenty of opportunities of witnessing this pretty sight, and of admiring the sagacity and friendship of the beautiful creatures. The horse seemed to be as implicitly obedient to his friend Cæsar as he could possibly have been to a human groom. The doctor would go into the stable accompanied by the dog, put the bridle upon his horse, and giving the reins to Cæsar, bid him take his companion to water.

They both understood what was to be done. Off trotted Cæsar, followed by the horse, who frisked, capered, and played with the dog all the way to the stream, about three hundred yards distant from the stable. His master would follow, keeping as far off as possible in order to watch their manœuvres. They invariably went to the stream, and after the horse had quenched his thirst both returned in the same playful manner as they had gone out.

The doctor frequently told Cæsar to make the horse leap over this stream, which might be about six feet broad. The dog, by a peculiar kind of bark and by leaping up towards his friend's head, intimated to him what was wanted. The horse quickly understood, and he cantered off, preceded by Cæsar, and took the leap in a neat and regular style. The dog was then told to bring him back again, and this was speedily done in the same manner. On one occasion Cæsar lost hold of the reins, and as soon as the horse had cleared the leap he trotted up to his canine guide, who took hold of the bridle and led him through the water quietly.

If any proof were needed to show that animals possess the power of conversing together, this story of the dog and horse would supply it. Here was a case in which a horse understood the voice and actions of a dog as clearly as he would have comprehended the words and signs of his groom. Animals can understand our language, then why not that of each other, which is far simpler? They have far quicker hearing than human beings, are more watchful and observant of trifles, and soon learn to attach significance to the very slightest sounds, or even to a movement of the lips.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S "BLANCO."

THIS grand soldier was thoroughly convinced that horses, like human beings, felt solitary confinement to be among the greatest trials which flesh and blood can endure. When about to have his favourite's picture painted, he says: "Blanco is able to travel, and shall go to you for his portrait; he will not try to get loose in a stall stable if with another horse or a cow, and will look better, for if alone he puts more wrinkles on his nose than ever Solomon had. Give him a carrot and it will excite gratitude and good humour. His best looks are put on when anyone plays with him and makes him gallop in a field."

In his letters from Spain in 1811, Sir Charles gives a delightful account of the faithful fellow soldier on four legs who accompanied him through all vicissitudes, sharing his privations as well as his triumphs. "A hundred miles with only three hours' rest and

hardly a bit to eat, did he carry me," writes this courageous man, "and my fear was that it would kill him, but he did not even tire." Doubtless the heart of Blanco was kept up by the fellowship and sympathy of his master. Nothing causes a horse to flag like unkindness.

"He is the strongest horse ever backed," pursues his fond master. "Still, he thinks a bivouac the worst amusement in the world, as he gets nothing but heath and hard riding. Poor fellow! I kiss and coax him, but it don't make up for oats." At a sham fight in Guernsey one of the generals got, with his aide-de-camp, into the field where Blanco was feeding, and was immediately treated with horse tricks. He did not care a rush for their drawn swords. In his mischievous frolic Blanco jammed them into a corner and, setting his ears back, kept them prisoners while the fight went on.

At last they were found in durance, but could not be released, for Blanco would not surrender his captives except to his own groom. To his last days Sir Charles was a faithful friend to this horse, who died on board ship in the Bay of Biscay, unable to support the voyage, during which he was fed on biscuits. Sir Charles thus fondly speaks of his old military comrade years after his death: "My own weakness was the cause of his sufferings, alas! Twice I tried to shoot him in London but my heart failed me, and I took him to Cephalonia, where I thought to spend many happy days with my dear old horse.

"How I did love him! Well, I and all I love

must go the same way. Mr. Ore, who had charge of Blanco on the voyage, and was with him when he died, told me that he grew so fond of him that he wanted to say prayers for him, to the great horror of the ship's captain; yet I am sure that the horse had a soul as good as most masters of merchant ships. Noble, excellent animal! You were good and brave, and faithful as ever charger was, and as you have so often escaped being shot, would you had died in your stable! Your picture and memory are dear to me, with all your playful ways."

During his last illness Sir Charles Napier had his horse "Blackie" brought to his bedside that he might bid farewell to him, for his room was on the ground floor. At this moment he keenly felt the sad gulf lying between men and animals, which can never be bridged over; we cannot reach their understandings nor make them comprehend the future, though often in a mysterious and solemn way it is revealed to them. Blackie could not be made to see that his dear master was going for ever from him, so far as this world was concerned. He started away from his dying caress, and with a deep sigh the expiring man committed his mute friend to the care of his wife and children.

Blackie had carried his master through the icy plains of Saskatchewan, and had won his deep affection. "I came to feel for little Blackie a friendship, not the less sincere because the service was all on his side," wrote Napier, "I was often powerless to add to his comfortless supper, or to give him a cosier lodging for the night. He fed and lodged himself and he

carried me, and all he asked in return was a hole cut in the frozen lake, and that I cut for him."

Was it not well that Blackie's parting from his best friend and loving associate was softened for him? Perhaps if he had guessed what the dying words from those dear lips meant, his affectionate and patient heart would have broken outright. But he was like a little child, unconscious of final partings.

FAITHFUL COMRADES.

WHEN two or more horses are kept together they need no other companionship than their own, but when a single one is the sole occupier of the stable, he should have a dog or some other animal friend to share his solitude. The horse is an animal capable of real friendship, and he becomes deeply attached to his fellow worker when one of a pair who have long been employed together.

It has been said that the mustang or American wild horse defends himself and his friends by forming a circle, the noses of the horses inside and the heels outside, so as to present a bristling array of kicking limbs to the enemy. Should one of the number be injured, the rest succour him and tear the antagonist to pieces with their teeth. In this is seen the foundation of that extraordinary fidelity which carriage horses sometimes show to the comrades with whom they have for a protracted period been driven in double harness.

Two superb white horses, which were a familiar sight to the citizens of Brussels, as they ran side

by side through the streets, had been friends for twenty years. During this time they were never separated, and were so fond of each other that it was found impossible to take one out unless the other went too. Even when on an errand to the farrier's they were never divided, but went together.

At last they were parted by death. As soon as the surviving horse saw the body of his friend lying on the stable floor he became dejected, and when it was removed he refused to eat. In vain was the attempt made to deceive him by putting another horse at his side. All was to no purpose, for he would not touch his oats, and in a week he died.

A similarly wonderful attachment was shown in the case of two Hanoverian horses, fellow soldiers, who had assisted in drawing the same gun during the Peninsular War. They belonged to a German brigade of artillery. One of them was at last killed, though they had been inseparable companions in many battles, and had hitherto escaped injury. The remaining horse was picketted as usual, and food was brought him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him.

All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses but did not notice them, and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time when his former associate was killed. A gentleman who witnessed the circumstance assured his family that nothing could be more touching than the whole demeanour of this poor horse.

An American gentleman not long ago witnessed an amusing scene from his window in Huntingdon Avenue, Boston. A handsome pair of cart-horses stopped near his door, where the grass upon the lawn looked temptingly green. The horse nearest to the lawn munched contentedly, but the off horse tried in vain to reach it. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the spectator, the near horse raised his head and held it with his mouth full of grass close to his companion's mouth.

The off horse accepted the apparent invitation without ceremony, and began to eat from the other's mouth. After turning and eating awhile on his own account he repeated the manœuvre, and other members of the household were then called in to watch this pretty sight. There could be no mistake about it; the horse who could reach the grass fed his companion at short intervals all the while that they stood before the door. The horses were attached to an advertisement truck puffing a special sort of portmanteau.

But however much he may become attached to his own species, the horse gladly exchanges his own friendship for that of his human master, whom he learns to look on as a chieftain horse of extraordinary powers and unusual gifts. A kind word from his master is much to the horse, and a harsh word sets his pulses beating with terror and dismay. Is it not lamentable that such a creature as this should be ruled by fear, and not by the law of love which he so readily obeys?

DIFFERENCE IN DISPOSITION.

It is said that there is a remarkable difference between the dispositions of the Asiatic and South American wild horses. Those of the former continent can never be properly tamed unless trained very young, but frequently break out into violent fits of rage in after life, exhibiting every mark of natural wildness. On the contrary, those of America can be brought to perfect obedience, and even rendered docile within a few weeks or even days.

It would be difficult to account for these differences of temper unless we can suppose that the character is influenced by climate. It is far more likely, however, that the mustang, or American wild horse, retains in his race a memory of former training by the hand of man to which his species has been subjected, and that the recollection influences him when he feels the yoke again. But at all times and in all states the horse evinces a wonderful variety of temperament. Some horses seem to be born more docile than others, and many hereditary traits are handed down from one generation to another.

Shall we not say that to the kind or cruel nature of his master, to his ignorance or his considerate knowledge of how to treat him, the horse largely owes his own temper, whether good or bad? There can be no manner of doubt that however the horse may have acquired a violent temper, mildness combined with judgment will conquer it. Sergeant-Major Mole, in a delightful little book, tells of a horse named Black

Jack, who was of so savage a nature that men were known to desert rather than run the risk of attending to him in the stable.

Nobody could venture to groom Jack without putting a muzzle on him, and even then they could not escape his heels. But one old soldier called Larry was his friend. Somehow he had contrived to win Jack's favour, and the fierce animal was like a lamb in his hands. Jack allowed Larry to groom him without the muzzle, and never took advantage of the liberty allowed to his jaws.

The fact is that no horse likes to be boycotted, and so soon as one of these creatures feels himself shunned and abhorred by humanity, he goes from bad to worse. It ought not to be forgotten that when we make an animal into a slave we rob him of all the joys of life. The free horse, scampering over the plains, plays with his fellows, chooses his mates, feeds after his pleasure, drinks deep draughts of nature's sweetest nectar—liberty. When he is caught, kept in a close stable, bereft of the companionship of his own kind, doomed to wear uncomfortable straps and appendages on his body, and to carry burdens, is it any wonder that he sometimes breaks out into passionate expostulations against this fate?

The only wonder is that any horse should be docile under the treatment he receives. It is no wonder at all that a horse should be vicious, when deprived of everything that makes life endurable. But no sooner is one of his nature's greatest needs supplied, and he finds a master worthy of him, than he forgets his rage. Not only does he reciprocate the regard of

his human friend, but lavishes a love strong as death on him.

The old soldier Larry was unfortunately in the habit of drinking too much, and sinking himself below the level of the poor horse by becoming incapable of guiding his own actions. But the noble Jack would see no faults in his only champion. When Larry in a drunken fit knew himself to be helpless, he would roll into Black Jack's box, and throw himself upon the straw under the horse's feet, certain that the creature would stand erect over his prostrate master and suffer nobody to harm him.

At last Larry's soldiering days were over, and he had to leave Black Jack behind. Grief for his loss made the faithful beast more and more savage. He could not be consoled, and no one else could fill the vacant place in the saddle. After killing a soldier in one of his worst outbursts of despairing anger, Jack was doomed to die, as being an unconquerably and hopelessly vicious horse.

A BAD BEGINNING.

A SOLDIER, who in his youth enlisted in Her Majesty's 1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards, found the horse which he rode rather too sluggish for skirmishing duty, and in choosing another was taken to a stable where there was a young horse. This animal had made himself detested by all who had dealings with him, because of his turbulent and vicious habits. His eyes, his ears, his open mouth, and the threatening motions of his head, all evinced too plainly his

irrepressible desire to injure those who came near him.

These unmistakably reprehensible symptoms led most of the men when passing by him in the stable to deride and tease him : they took care, however, to keep at arm's length while carrying on this sort of bullying game, for a practical joke by way of retaliation on the horse's part would have been a serious matter. This cowardly and foolish treatment provoked its victim to answer as well as he could—mouth, heels, and eyes all speaking the vengeance he was helpless to take on his tormentors.

Horses are very sensitive to words and a taunt strikes them like a blow. He was at this time a spare horse, kept to be ridden in times of need, and groomed by each man in turn. Very little care, however, was bestowed on him, for his well-known character was a sufficient excuse for the smallest amount of grooming ; moreover, the man who had charge of him for the moment would take a heavy toll of his oats for the benefit of his own particular favourite. What would become of him should his health fail under this discipline ? Why, he would be sold, and another put in his place.

Already he had succeeded in seizing a man and so seriously injuring him, that he had to be in hospital several days. When this man came out he was base enough to revenge himself on the animal by beating him about the head with a heavy piece of iron, having managed first to secure his head in such a way as to make this detestable barbarity safe. One of the unfortunate creature's front teeth was broken by a

blow on the mouth. This disgusting act of cowardly barbarity sank his masters still lower in the opinion of the horse, and he became yet more savage, until, when the trooper before-named came near him, it was he did so at considerable personal risk.

But the man had made inquiries concerning him, and had learnt that on first joining the regiment he had been gentle and tractable. The man who had trained this horse had been in the habit of petting him, and had taught him to feel that he was his best friend. But the man died, and then the poor animal belonged to nobody in particular, being a reserve horse. Those about him did not understand his attempts to become to them what he had been to his last master—they mistook his playfulness for vice, and so a breach began between him and the whole human race, which widened from day to day.

The kind-hearted trooper felt sorry for this horse, and thought, wisely, that he could not have lost his old nature, though it was crusted over with disappointed affection turned to bitterness. Although in a low condition, he had a noble form, and by the manner in which he attacked his foes, showed very great intelligence. The soldier resolved to adopt him as his own horse, and in spite of all remonstrances, obtained leave to do so.

For a time the overtures which he made to the horse were met with savage attempts to maim or even kill him. His comrades pointed out the hopelessness of the task, still he was determined to persevere. One day, when grooming him, the horse managed to get his head loose and bit his new master severely,

and it was only when several of his comrades came with brooms and shovels that he let go his hold.

GROWING BETTER.

AFTER that, the new horse, whom we will call Nemo, seemed to deserve a good thrashing for thus rewarding kindness ; but although it went against the grain with his kind-hearted master to reward an animal who had injured him, he wisely went on as if nothing had happened, petting and soothing the wild steed, and trusting to the invincible power of mercy. After all, what is there to prove that man is nobler than animals unless it is that he can be more self-controlled ? Unless we are willing to return good for evil sometimes, we show ourselves to be beneath the animals who often do so.

For some time no impression could be made on the implacability of this creature, even by persistent kindness ; but at last some abatement of his bad temper was perceptible. His master showed by every means in his power the appreciation which he felt of this pleasant change. The captain of his troop was greatly averse to any attempts to make a regular regimental horse of this notorious scamp among animals, but on representing that he had now managed him for some time the soldier obtained leave to persevere.

The captain said that it was a hopeless case, the trooper thought differently. One of the wisest things which he did was to try and make the horse understand his endeavours, and he strove to establish some mode by which they could understand each other.

He talked to the horse a good deal, and never failed to bring him some little treat by way of an apple, a bit of cake, or a crust of bread, an attention which pleased him extremely.

The battle was soon won. Nemo's confidence in his friend became so entire that he would follow at his heels like a dog wherever he went, and woe betide any person who tried to stop him! Although it was necessary to hold his head securely in a collar, and to tie him to the rack with a chain before it was safe for anybody else to approach, his own master could venture to place an apple or cake between his teeth, and the horse would at once, with the greatest tenderness and care, fix his teeth as near as he could to those of his friend and then bite off his share.

Still, however, Nemo retained his spiteful ways towards his fellow troop-horses, and he at once flew into a jealous rage if his master patted one of them. On one occasion he nearly got himself and his master into a scrape by tearing off a bunch of green streamers from one of his neighbours' trappings. He was an extremely proud horse, and fond of showing himself off—capering, dancing, and kicking high in the air.

This proud and lofty bearing was often turned to account, for, when crowds were crushing too near the military, Nemo's rider was ordered to ride his horse out when it was necessary to disperse the people without any great display of force. At a signal from his rider Nemo would begin his performances, and the most dense crowd cleared away before him, for the action of his mouth and teeth, the position of his ears, the glances of his eyes, and the motion of his fore feet,

all showed that it would be wise to give him a wide berth.

As time went on Nemo's master made his charger fully comprehend that he sought to form a friendship with him, and Nemo responded to his advances in so intelligent a manner that his owner became convinced of the horse's wonderful sense. It was something beyond his comprehension, and Nemo had, most assuredly, a method of reasoning which was quite his own. The captain noticed the remarkable change, and now, at a safe distance, would watch his little feats in the stable, bringing ladies and gentlemen to admire the marvellous revolution in this rebel's character.

The captain, too, would buy apples and cakes, and would delight in the amusement afforded by seeing the horse and man eating the same tit-bit in harmony together. They perceived that kindness is the only way to tame a vicious horse, and indeed the only way to bring out the full usefulness of any horse. This animal knows the superior power of his human master, and if the man shows himself his friend will, by the most unwearied endeavour to understand his wishes and carry them out, serve him to the uttermost of his power.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

AT length the trooper who had succeeded in taming the once turbulent Nemo went away on furlough for six weeks to visit his home, and his horse was of course left behind. This caused the good-hearted man great anxiety. Gladly would his fellow-soldiers have taken leave of the horse for any number of weeks, for they

still retained their dislike of him, and Nemo had hardly pardoned their former neglect and cruelty to him.

The trooper entreated of them to give poor Nemo his proper share of fodder and water, even though their benevolence did not extend to running the risk of broken bones in attempts to groom him. He also asked a companion in arms to inform him how the favourite was going on. As the time drew near Nemo seemed to know that some misfortune was about to befall him, and it pained his master to think how much he would feel the loss. When he had been at home a few days, the soldier received a letter saying that his horse was ill.

His correspondent informed him that Nemo had been taken to the sick stables, but withheld information as to the cause, merely stating that the horse refused food. Knowing that the farrier major was a very kind man, Nemo's master took comfort in thinking that he would be properly cared for. On returning after his furlough several comrades met the trooper by appointment in the city, and to his inquiries replied that the horse was still on the sick list.

The question now was, would Nemo recognize his old friend, for whom he had evidently been pining? No one else could walk straight up to him in his stall unless the animal's head was secured, but his master had long been accustomed to do this, and the horse had always shown delight at the confidence placed in him. The other troopers now tried to dissuade Nemo's master from risking his safety, saying that after this lapse of time he was sure to be received as a stranger.

The trooper, however, proceeded with his companions and the farrier major to the stable, and, the door being opened, his companions stood in the centre. He himself walked into the stall straight up to the horse. Often before had Nemo's master, on entering the stable, noticed an attentive expression, as if he were listening for a familiar footstep, and as he came in now the horse raised his head on catching the sound of his tread. There was no doubt that he remembered that footfall, and that he anticipated the entrance of his only friend into the stall.

As he came up Nemo turned round and anxiously smelt at the trooper's hands and face, then rubbed his velvet mouth lovingly against his cheek. After a little mutual conversation he was led back to the old stables, the farrier having pronounced his opinion that Nemo "would be all right now." Alas, poor, noble Nemo! with the grand nature so sadly misunderstood. Within a few months of this happy meeting, his master, at his mother's earnest request, purchased his discharge.

"My parting with my horse was one of the hardest things I ever had to bear," says he in writing an account of the event from which Nemo's story is taken. "I could well see what his future would be, and I dreaded to think of it. I left the regiment, and begged of my comrades to bestow on my friend as much consideration as possible. Very soon after I heard that he had been purchased by a man, who foolishly thought to use him as an omnibus horse.

"He had, however, run away, and had done such serious damage in several ways that he was pronounced entirely unmanageable, and sentenced to be

shot. Little did those think who carried the sentence into effect what a noble-minded animal they were destroying."

This little story suggests a solution with regard to the morose or even savage behaviour of some horses. They cannot endure to change hands, and it is hard for them to accustom themselves to new owners. Men have but a faint idea of the high power of affection and of reasoning possessed by the horse, and no one can manage him successfully who looks on him as an unreasoning machine.

He is a highly-gifted animal, with intelligence which may differ somewhat from our own, but which is not to be despised on that account. It is stupid to condemn that which we cannot comprehend. Respect and admiration for the wondrous minds of animals, as well as appreciative regard for their beautiful forms, would be more worthy of men. Not long ago the present writer interfered to prevent a man from flogging a fine horse, who was listlessly drawing his cart up the hill. "He has lost his old driver, and he won't pull," was the man's excuse. Were harsh words and cruel blows to be the only consolation offered him under his loss? When a human being is heart-broken somebody offers him sympathy. Why do we cut animals off from the fellowship of sorrow, seeing that they feel it as keenly as we do?

DYING AT HIS POST.

THERE are very few cases on record in which horses have proved faithless to their masters, unless indeed

they have sustained terrible ill-usage without any affection to counterbalance the bad treatment. Occasionally, however, the horse, like the elephant, when provoked beyond endurance will turn on his tyrant. The excellence of his memory, for good and evil, augments the risk run by his tormentors. A true tale is related of a cart horse who had received nothing but injury and abuse from his driver. For three years, however, he was handed over to a gentler and better carter, who treated him kindly.

The horse, highly appreciative of this change for the better in his affairs, served his new friend with a will. One day, for some reason, his kind master being absent, he was once more committed to the care of his ancient enemy. No sooner was the cart loaded and the usual swearing and blows in progress than the horse, seizing his opportunity in a narrow place, backed against a wall and jammed his driver so violently against it that he was killed on the spot. The deed was deliberately and intelligently done, and the man brought his fate upon himself.

Stories of this kind are not without their moral, since being rare exceptions they testify to the marvellous goodness and patience of horses in general, who bear the worst at men's hands without a thought of vengeance. The consideration of their great strength, and of the meek resignation and forgiving spirit which restrains that strength, ought to make men careful not to take advantage of natures so generous. It seems cowardly to oppress a victim who is too noble to retaliate, just as it is cowardly to oppress those who are physically weak and cannot take their own part.

It is remarkable that horses attach themselves to the regiments with which they have served, and suffer greatly on being separated from their military friends. An affecting incident is related of the favourite black charger belonging to Sir Robert Gillespie. When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his horse was sold by auction with the rest of his goods. Several officers of the regiment competed for him, but at last he was knocked down to the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who contributed their prize money, amounting to £500, to retain this favourite of their general's for the sake of his memory.

The old charger was always led at the head of the regiment when on the march, and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. How proud he seemed to retain these honours, though he had nobody now to share them with him! Who knows but that the fine creature had still a remembrance of the form which once filled his empty saddle, and thought that he was nearer to his dead master by closely attending to what had been their mutual duty while he lived?

When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was sold to a private gentleman, who provided a paddock for him where he might end his days with every sort of comfort. But the warlike hero could not relinquish his military career so lightly. All his happiness in the past, all his reminiscences of his master, all his loyalty, were linked with the band of men who were going to leave him

behind. When the corps had marched, and the last lingering sound of the trumpet had died away, he refused to eat.

Watching his chance, and waiting patiently as became one of his race, this horse broke from his groom the first time that he was taken out of the paddock for exercise. Galloping to his ancient station on the parade, he gave one loud neigh of delight and triumph—and dropped down dead!

His idea of duty was to stick to his colours; like many an earnest man and woman who have fought the battle of life, this poor horse had found his solace in routine and in the conscientious discharge of what he thought it right to do. Disdaining inglorious ease, he wished to be faithful to the end. How shall we draw any hard and fast line between animals and ourselves, since they seem to share the loftiest feelings of which we are capable?

DOG-LIKE FIDELITY.

THE affection of the horse is sometimes displayed by joyous gambols and familiar caresses, like those of a dog, and though sometimes he seems rather too big for fawning upon us, and his embraces are somewhat boisterous, he means them well. A gentleman in Buckinghamshire once had a three-year-old colt, a dog, and three sheep who went with him as a sort of train wherever he walked. When the drawing-room window was open which looked into the field, the colt was often known to leap in through it, go up and caress

his master, and then, as soon as he had relieved his mind in this way, jump back as he had come.



FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS.

A little pony called Donald learnt of his own accord to place his forefeet in his young master's hand, as a

dog presents his paw. He used to carry his little master to school, and would push his head under the boy's arm to be stroked. Though he was ready with his heels and teeth whenever any other urchin tried to tease him, this pony was so fond of the boy who owned him, that he would wait patiently for hours while he stopped to play at cricket or other games on the way home, and would, without being told, walk from his own stable to the school, a half mile off, and wait, saddled and bridled, for the afternoon's dismissal.

Occasionally equine attachment exhibits itself in a light as exalted and as creditable as any shown by the loftier race of humanity. During the Peninsular war, the trumpeter of a French cavalry regiment had a fine charger assigned to him, of whom he became passionately fond, and who deserved this love by the gentleness and good sense which he displayed. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the clang of his instrument, which the horse knew from all others, sufficed to throw this animal into a state of joyful excitement.

He was unruly and useless to everybody else, however, for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, he absolutely refused to perform his evolutions, bolted straight to the trumpeter's station and there took his stand beside the new horse on which the trumpeter was mounted, jostling him out of place. He was restored to his old friend, and during the Peninsular campaign carried him through many difficulties and hairbreadth escapes.

At last, the corps to which he belonged was worsted,

and in the confusion of retreat the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse he lay on the field, where many days after the engagement he was found stretched on the sward with the faithful charger standing over him. Long days of mourning! How heavily must they have passed for the creature—did he hope that his friend would wake again, or did he despair?

During the long interval it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over the corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and utterly unmindful of his own privations. When found, he was in a sadly reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food and water. His grief was so excessive that he could not be induced to take any food and he soon followed his beloved master.

On the evening of a certain Saturday, the supervisor of excise, a Mr. Smith, was proceeding homewards after a survey of Fort Augustus. To save a distance of about sixteen miles he took a cross road, which was completely blocked with snow, so that before proceeding far, the track became indiscernable amid the dazzling white wilderness. In this dilemma, he thought it best to trust his horse, and, loosening the reins, allowed him to choose his own course.

The animal made way, though slowly and cautiously, till, coming to a ravine near Glenconvent, both horse and rider suddenly disappeared in a snow wreath several fathoms deep. Mr. Smith, on recovering, found himself nearly three yards from the dangerous spot, with his faithful horse standing over him and

licking the snow from his face. He thinks that the bridle must have been entangled round his body, and that by this means the gentle creature contrived to extricate him. So completely had he been deprived of consciousness that he had made no effort whatever to save his own life, which he certainly owed to the horse. Intelligent and sympathetic as one of the wondrous dogs of St. Bernard, this creature had thought first of his master's safety and had forgotten his own natural instinct to return to his own stable.

MORE TIMID THAN A HARE.

PROFESSOR ROMANES, in one of his valuable treatises, suggests that the horse is an animal more easily panic-stricken than even a hare. He is liable to paroxysms of sudden terror, during which he so completely "loses his head" that he will dash against a stone building, rush over the brink of a precipice, or even fling himself from a bridge. The hare, even when chased by hounds, never loses her presence of mind sufficiently to risk her life in similar ways, whereas many a horse kills himself in his vain attempt to flee away and be safe.

Some horses are naturally far more timid than others, and take alarm at objects which in others produce no fear. Many horses become dreadfully agitated during severe thunder-storms, while others, on the contrary, are perfectly indifferent to the roar and flash. Many steeds will remain unmoved during a raging battle, and, when riderless, will quietly turn to crop the grass, in the midst of the clash of glittering arms, and the din

of cannon. Others tremble with apprehension and even groan with fear.

It is painful to think that horses should be severely punished by uneducated, unfeeling, and unthinking masters for the timidity which is not a vice but a pitiable weakness. If a little child shows symptoms of groundless fear it is not whipped, but lovingly coaxed, soothed, kissed, and petted. This is exactly the sort of treatment which terrified animals require, for they are but little infants at heart.

Horses will take the most extraordinary fancies into their heads, they think that some pillar, paling, gate, wall, or other object looks sinister and they fear to pass it. Instead of gentle encouragement, cruel blows are too often administered, and the consequence of this treatment is that the horse is twenty times more nervous next time he must encounter this fancied foe than he was before.

During the campaign of Austerlitz, a Piedmontese officer possessed a beautiful and in other respects a most serviceable mare, but she had one peculiarity which now and then made it unsafe to be on her back, even if her rider had a first-rate seat. She had a repugnance to paper, which she recognized the moment she saw it, and even knew the sound which two leaves made if rubbed together in the dark. The effect produced by the sight or the rustle of a piece of paper was so prompt and violent that in many cases she unhorsed her rider, though she was unusually bold in other ways.

The noise of an engagement, the sound of firing, the sight of any other white object was indifferent to her ;

the view or crackle of paper alone upset her nerves and reduced her for the time to madness. She must have had some association of a painful kind with paper, of which she could tell nobody the particulars.

A mare belonging to the Guard Royal in 1822, betrayed no antipathy towards any human beings or animals, except horses of a white or light gray colour, and the moment she saw one of these, no matter where, she rushed upon him and attacked him with the greatest fury.

Occasionally, the horse will consent to pass anything of which he is much afraid directly he is blindfolded, though he will bear terrible ill-usage rather than do so with his eyes open. A lump of sugar, or bit of cake, will often cure a jibbing horse for the time being. He forgets his fears while eating the dainty, and may be induced to move before he remembers them again. A saddle-horse has been known to pass close to the sails of a windmill when they were in motion, while nothing would induce him to pass the mill when they were at rest.

The reason was, that in feeding while the sails were motionless, he had been once knocked down and stunned by their being suddenly set in motion. No horse acts from pure obstinacy or wickedness, he always has some grounds for his behaviour, whether good or bad. In early youth he is too often ruined by the rough jokes or downright ill-usage of brutal grooms and breakers, and he is left to go through life crippled in mind if not in body ; his brain full of fads, and his nerves wrecked. Punishment will not cure him : loving-kindness may.

A BISHOP'S HORSE.

BISHOP WHIPPLE of America tells the following story of his horse Bashaw. When elected Bishop of Minnesota, there was not one mile of railway in the country. The shipments of wheat, then very small, were sent by steamers down the Mississippi. There was one daily post from Hastings, and two a week from St. Paul and Owatonna. The bishop had often taken a whole week travelling from one small town to another, and in order to save him time and fatigue somebody presented him with a noble horse, called Bashaw, cousin to a famous racer.

He was a kingly fellow, and had every sign of noble birth, a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin flanks, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and a glossy skin black as coal. "He was my friend and companion in nearly forty thousand miles of travel," writes the bishop, "always full of spirit and yet gentle as a girl. I never struck him but once, and that was to save his life and mine on the brink of a precipice."

"When he and I were both safe my eyes filled with tears. He knew how I loved him, and he loved me as horse never loved his master before. He never forgot any place where he had ever been, and many a time he saved our lives when we were lost on the prairie."

In summer heat and through winter storm the bishop was enabled, by the help of his fine horse, to keep every appointment, though it was sometimes done by heroic effort. To visit by turns every remote corner

of so large and scattered a diocese must indeed have taxed both horse and man to the uttermost, yet the task was lightened for each by their beautiful sympathy for one another.

During a certain winter, the bishop left one district for another when the thermometer stood at thirty-six degrees below zero at noon ; there was an ugly freckled look in the sky, with long rifts of clouds. He remembered the adage, "Mackerel backs and colts' tails, lofty ships take in sails," a proverb warning the mariner against that kind of appearance in the heavens. But, having duty in front of him, neither Bashaw, the other horse harnessed to the sledge, nor the bishop himself dreamt of turning back.

For seven miles there were no houses to be seen even on the horizon, and after that it was a twenty miles stretch across the wild prairie without a human habitation to break the monotony. "We were in for it," says the bishop, "our motto was 'no step backward.' In about an hour we came to a place where the snow had been blown away ; it was stubble—no sign of a road was to be found. I was lost.

"I turned back now to try and follow the sledge track so as to retrace our steps, but the wind had obliterated it. I knew the points of the compass as well as an Indian, and started off towards the Agency, which was the nearest civilized spot. Night had come on, not a star was to be seen, and the wind howled like a wolf. I knelt down and said my prayers, wrapped myself in buffalo robes, threw the reins loose, and prepared to let the horses walk where they liked.

"About midnight old Bashaw stopped so suddenly that it threw me on to the dashboard. I jumped from the sledge and found an Indian trail, which looked like a snake under the snow. I knew that one end of it was at the place I wished to reach, but which end? In the darkness I knew not how to choose. But wise Bashaw knew. He followed the trail, till at length lights appeared in view. Never did a horse neigh more joyously than he did as he sprang towards them—we were saved!"

Bishop Whipple's horse was known and loved by all the coach drivers and other persons whom he met in his travels. "The honest kindly fellows were my best friends," adds the bishop, "and, I believe, thought me a better preacher for Bashaw's sake."

For more than twenty years Bashaw was the bishop's missionary companion, and his master firmly believed, with the great Dr. Wesley, that there is a happy future in store for good and faithful servants like this horse, after the pain and trouble of this world is over. The fact that there are wrongs which never can be righted here, and that animals bear so much pain for us without thanks or reward, is a strong presumptive evidence of another world, where they may find redress.

POWER OF MEMORY.

HORSES have exceedingly good memories, not only for places and persons, but for any accomplishment or habit which they have once learnt. In the darkest nights they will find their way homeward if they have travelled the road once before, and they will recognize

their old masters after a lapse of many years, but it is even more remarkable that they never forget anything which they have been taught to do.

This peculiarity in the horse makes it perfectly inexcusable in those who beat and torture him for any defect like shying or jibbing, since he does this probably from the recollection of an old fright or injury, and each time that he is punished his memory records the fact and makes him more likely to shy and jib again under similar circumstances. Would men but take advantage of this fine quality of memory in their servant the horse, once teach him his duty and trust to him to remember it, much trouble would be saved, as well as much barbarity.

How is a horse to understand what he is to do when he receives blows, cruel jerkings of the bit, and bad language when he is doing his best. He is as sensible as a child, and far more ready to learn and obey if gentleness and wisdom are used in training him. Many an interesting story is told of the zeal which old military horses show, after they have been degraded and have fallen in life, for their old soldiering duties.

A horse would show the same delight in any humdrum work, and an equal desire to continue old routine, were his life not made so terribly bitter to him. Kindness is treasured up in the heart of a horse as well as a sense of injury. Colonel Hamilton Smith had a horse for two years, which was left with the army when he quitted it, and was subsequently sold in London. His master had always treated him with unvarying goodness.

Three years afterwards the colonel chanced to travel up to town, and when getting out of the coach the off-wheel horse recognized him. The poor animal



LIKE OLDEN TIMES.

testified his delight and satisfaction at the meeting by rubbing his head against his old master's clothes, at the same time fidgiting with his feet as if dancing for joy.

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Another horse known to the same person had been of a most ungovernable disposition, but had been tamed by the soldier who rode him. He used no other means but persistent kindness. After some very dangerous combats with this horse he became so thoroughly subdued as to follow his master like a dog. During several campaigns in Spain they were together, and once both horse and rider came headlong to the ground. There was considerable risk that, in his struggles to rise, the frightened horse would hurt the man who had fallen under him. While making an effort to spring to his feet, the horse accidentally placed his fore foot upon the breast of his prostrate friend.

Had he trodden there, throwing his full weight on the man, he must have grievously injured or even killed him, but the creature's sagacity and affectionate regard for kindness now showed itself in a truly remarkable way. Lifting his foot again, he cautiously felt his way till the hoof was clear of his master's body, when he planted it firmly on the ground and contrived to balance himself on all four legs.

The most wonderful cases of minute recollection appear to occur in horses who have been accustomed to the army, perhaps because their duties are taught them with great accuracy and they are accustomed to practise them often. During one of the insurrections at the beginning of this century, the Tyrolese captured fifteen horses belonging to the Bavarian troops sent against them, and mounted them with fifteen of their own men.

But no sooner did these horses hear the well-known

sound of their own trumpet and recognize the uniform of their own squadron, than they dashed forward at full speed, and, in spite of all the efforts of their riders, bore them into the familiar ranks, delivering them up as prisoners to the Bavarians.

If an old military horse, even when reduced to skin and bone, hears the roll of a drum or the clang of a trumpet, the freshness of his youth seems to come upon him, and if, at the same time, he catches sight of men clad in uniform and drawn in line, it is no easy matter to prevent him from joining them. Towards the close of the last century, about the time when the volunteers were quartered in the different towns, an extensive line of turnpike road was in progress of construction in a part of the north.

The clerk to the trustees upon this line of road used to send one of his assistants to ride along occasionally to see that the contractors who were at work in a great many places were doing their work properly. The assistant, on these journeys, rode a horse which had for a long time carried a field officer, and though aged, possessed a great deal of spirit.

One day, as he was passing near a town of considerable size which lay on the line of road, the volunteers were at drill on the common; the instant that Solus, for that was his name, heard the drum, he leaped the fence and was speedily at that post in front of the volunteers which would have been occupied by the commanding officer of a regiment on parade or at drill, nor could his rider by any means get him off the ground till the volunteers retired to the town.

As long as the volunteers kept the field, the horse took the proper place of a commanding officer throughout their manœuvres, and he marched in a stately manner at the head of the corps into the town, prancing in military style as cleverly as his stiffened legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the volunteers and spectators and to the no small annoyance of the clerk, who was not much obliged to Solus for making an officer of him against his will.

Another illustration of memory combined with reasoning power was shown by a cart horse belonging to a Glasgow merchant. This creature had several times suffered from that painful malady called the bots, and as often had been cured by a farrier in the town. For some time he had been free from the disorder, but one day happening to be employed nearly a mile from the farrier's, he felt the old symptoms troubling him. Arranged in a row with other horses engaged in the same work, he was obliged to wait till the carter was not looking. Then he quietly slipped off, and, unattended by any driver, presented himself at the farrier's door.

The men guessed what was the matter, and unyoked him from the cart which the poor fellow had been obliged to bring with him. As soon as he was released the horse lay down, began to shiver, and conducted himself exactly as a human patient unable to speak might have done on seeing his doctor—showing by dumb show as well as he could what was the matter. He was treated properly for the disease, and sent home to his master, who by this time had sent people to search for him in all directions.

The public possessed very recently, even if they do not possess at the present moment, one more faithful servant at the General Post Office, Bristol, than it is aware of. A fine black mare who drew the midnight mail-cart might be seen every night as the time for bringing out the bags approached, standing outside the office. As soon as the neighbouring clocks tolled the quarter before twelve, she began to get restless, and look round over her shoulder to see whether they were making haste with the letters. If more than five minutes elapsed, she pawed the ground and said as plainly as she could, "We shall be late, I know! hurry up, do!"

But if by any accident the officials delayed longer than ten minutes more, she took matters into her own hands, and bolted off to the station. Nothing would hold her in after the first stroke of midnight. Is not such an animal endowed with very high principle? What else can we call it, when a creature knowing it has a duty to perform will not rest till the work is finished? Surely men err very foolishly in not availing themselves of such gifts in the horse, and in ruling him with the rod instead of the magic wand of gentleness.

LEARNING FROM EXPERIENCE.

A POWERFUL light is thrown upon the so-called stubbornness of horses from the fact that if once frightened or hurt in any given spot they will never go near it again. The driver who is forcing his horse up a hill, by dint of kicks and blows, will find it more

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and more difficult each time to induce the poor beast to proceed, for he associates that place with suffering, and will shun it if he can. Many a horse suffered himself to be barbarously scourged and otherwise tortured in times when no law existed to prevent the most fiendish barbarities, rather than move towards a place where he had previously been punished or greatly alarmed.

A small horse named Charlie was accustomed to feed in a meadow where there were several large trees. He was a great pet and very docile. Beneath one of these trees Charlie was in the habit of seeking shelter from the noon-day sun, when its meridian beams were too scorching for his back, and also to find refuge during the terrible thunder-storms which ravaged that part of America of which he was a native.

When one of these storms was threatening on a certain day, Charlie took his stand as usual close to his favourite tree, his tail actually pressing against it, his head and body in an exact line with the course of the wind, apparently understanding the most advantageous position to escape the violence of the tempest. He was now quite at home, so to speak, for he had stood in the same place scores of times before to receive hospitable shelter.

The storm came on and raged with such impetuosity that the tree under which the horse stood was literally torn up by the roots. Charlie's master happened to be standing at his window, from which he witnessed the whole scene. The moment that Charlie heard the roots giving way behind him, that is, on the opposite

side of the tree, and probably felt the uprooted tree pressing against his tail, he sprang forward. He barely cleared the ground by his leap, for the next moment the top of the huge tree fell with such force that the tremendous crash could be heard far and wide, and every branch and limb were riven asunder.

Though his master had many times seen frightened horses, never in his life had he witnessed anything to equal Charlie's extreme terror, and yet on ordinary occasions Charlie was anything but a coward. He galloped, he tossed his head and threw up his mane, he stopped short and snorted wildly, and then darted off at the top of his speed in a contrary direction, changing one course all of a sudden to dart off in another, as if he did not know which way to turn.

It was not until long after the storm had abated and some hours had elapsed that Charlie ventured to reconnoitre—and that from a respectful distance—the scene of his narrow escape. For that day at least his appetite was completely spoilt, for he never offered to stoop his head to the ground while daylight continued.

The next day his apprehensions seemed somewhat abated; but his curiosity had been excited to such a pitch that he kept pacing from place to place, never failing to halt as he passed within a moderate distance of the fallen tree, gazing thereat in utter bewilderment, as if wholly unable to comprehend the scene which he had witnessed on the preceding evening.

"After this occurrence took place," writes Charlie's owner, "I kept this favourite horse several years, and during the summer months he usually enjoyed the

benefit of his old pasture. But it was quite clear that he never forgot, on any occasion, the narrow escape that he had had, for neither the burning rays of the noontide summer sun nor the furious raging of the thunder-storm could compel Charlie to seek shelter under one of the trees that still remained standing in his small paddock.

SAVING LIFE.

LAMARTINE tells a most interesting anecdote of the attachment of an Arabian horse to his master, an Arab chieftain. Abou-el-Marek, as the man was named, had, at the head of his tribe, attacked a caravan in the night, and as he and his men were returning laden with plunder they were surprised by a body of Turkish cavalry. These soldiers belonged to the Pacha of Acre, and, being numerous as well as strong, they quickly overpowered the Arab force of which Abou was at the head, killed some and made the rest prisoners. Among the captives was Abou himself, who was taken to Acre, and laid, bound hand and foot, at the entrance to the horseman's encampment. During the night the pain of his wounds kept him awake, and he heard his horse neighing at a little distance off, where he was picketted. Wishing to caress him, perhaps for the last time, he dragged himself up to the animal, and said: "Poor friend! what will your fate be among the Turks? You will be shut up under a roof with the horses of a pacha or aga; the women and children of the tent will no longer bring you barley, camel's milk, or dhourra in the hollow of

their hands ; you will no longer cleave the waters with your chest and lave your sides at pleasure. But if I am to be a slave you shall go free. Return to our tent ; tell my wife that Abou-el-Marek will come to her no more ; put your head under the folds of the tent and lick the hands of my beloved children."

Uttering these words, the chief, as his hands were bound, undid the fastenings which held the horse with his teeth, and set him at liberty. But the faithful horse did not wish for liberty unless his dear master shared it with him. Instead of galloping away to the wilderness he bent his head over his friend, and, divining with marvellous insight and sympathetic quickness that he was unable to rise, took a mouthful of his clothes between his teeth, lifted him up, and when he was on his back, set off homewards at full speed. He arrived at the distant tent among the mountains in safety, with his master, and dropped dead with fatigue.

"The whole tribe mourned him," adds Lamartine, "and his name is still constantly in the mouths of the Arabs about Jericho."

Though the want of constant familiarity, and the lack of intimate companionship between man and the horse in this country, checks this animal's generosity of character, and though unkind usage often forbids the development of his noble nature, it is not unfrequent to find that horses, like dogs, are quick to perceive any danger into which their fellow-creatures, human or otherwise, fall, and endeavour to plan a rescue.

Mr. Evans, of Henfaes, in Montgomeryshire, had a favourite mare and colt who grazed together in front

of the house in a field adjoining the river Severn. One day the mare made her appearance in front of the house, and by clattering her feet and making other noises tried to attract attention. Somebody came out to see what was the matter, and as soon as she saw this the mare galloped off, seeming to say "follow me." Her master directed that she should be followed, and accordingly this was done.

It was found that all the gates from the house to the field had been forced open. On reaching the pasture where she and the pony had been wont to keep each other company, the latter was missing. The mare led the way to the river, and stood over a certain spot on the bank, beneath which her friend the colt was lying drowned. Evidently she thought that as she herself could not help him out, human aid might avail, and she had sought it at once.

One of the most remarkable instances of an attempt to prolong life was recorded by a captain of cavalry, named M. de Boussanelle, who mentions that a horse belonging to his company, being from age unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by the horses stalled at his right and left, who ate with him. These two chargers, drawing the hay out of the racks, chewed it and then put it down before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat.

SAVING LIFE—*continued.*

A FARMER'S boy had fed and taken great care of a colt. He was working one day in the field when he was

furiously pursued by a bull. The boy ran to a ditch and got into it just as the bull was close upon him. Irri-



SAVED.

tated by solitary confinement, which had spoiled his temper, the bull was determined to revenge his wrongs upon the first human being whom he met, he therefore endeavoured to gore the lad, and would have suc-

ceeded, but that some one unexpectedly come to the rescue.

This was no other than the colt, who, grateful for kindness received from his young master, would not stand by to see him roughly handled. He took the quarrel upon himself, and rushed at the bull, screaming with rage, lashed out with his feet and attacked him with his teeth. Though a little animal, not half grown, he contrived by this sudden onslaught to distract the bull's attention from the boy, and some labourers running up at the outcry extricated him from danger. He owed his life to the young horse, and indirectly to his own kindness of heart, for had he treated the creature under his care as nine boys out of ten would have done, the colt would have been pleased to get rid of him once for all.

The horse has frequently been known to swim to the rescue of drowning creatures, without any other impulse than his own generous feelings, and entirely without orders from any one. A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, was playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, when she fell into the water and would inevitably have been drowned had not a small pony, who had long been kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child ashore without the slightest injury.

The origin of all these beautiful feelings is undoubtedly that affectionate regard which the mare feels for her little foal, and the horse for his mate and equine friends handed down from the wild ancestors of their breed. When domesticated this natural feeling expands; and when he loses the ordinary objects of

attachment the horse puts his human friends in the place of all other creatures, just as he respects his master and obeys him as a substitute for the chieftain stallion who once headed his free herd in remote times.

A comparatively recent instance of protection of little foals by their elders took place in the island of Krütsand, which is formed by two branches of the Elbe, and is frequently under water, when, at the time of the spring-tides the wind has blown in a direction contrary to that of the current. In April, 1796, the water rose one day so rapidly that the horses who were grazing in the plain with their foals suddenly found themselves standing in deep water, upon which they all set up a loud neighing and collected themselves together within a small extent of ground.

This crowd of horses seemed to hold counsel together as to how best they could save the foals, and at last they hit upon the best means of rescuing their young, who were now standing up to the body in the flood. Some old mares took the principal part of the business in hand ; and though they were not particular to choose out their own offspring as objects for benevolence, they must have been influenced by a general sense of maternal solicitude.

The method they adopted was this : every two horses took a foal between them, and, pressing their sides together, kept it wedged in and lifted quite above the surface of the water. All the horned cattle in the vicinity had already set themselves afloat, and were swimming in regular columns towards their homes, but these noble steeds, with undaunted perseverance,

remained immovable under their self-inflicted burdens, which they cherished and upheld for the space of six hours.

At the ebb of the tide the water subsided, and their loving task was over, for the foals were now out of danger. The inhabitants who rowed to the place in their boats were delighted to see this singular exhibition, whereby their valuable foals were preserved from a destruction otherwise certain. Thus it is manifest that the horse possesses, wrapped up in his natural character, all those treasures of intelligence, affection and obedience which his intercourse with man may afterwards unfold. We do not *make* animals good, they are good already—nay, we often make them bad by our mistaken treatment. Just as it rests with us to deform and stunt their physical growth by starvation and ill-usage, so the development of their mental and emotional faculties is in our hands for good or evil results. The horse in a domestic state is good or bad according to his education. .

AFFECTION FOR CHILDREN.

ONE of the most endearing, and at the same time wonderful, traits of animal character is the gentle consideration which they show for children, as well as towards the young of their own tribes. The sight of a big dog enduring the persecutions of a small puppy is an edifying spectacle. Bored and worried though he may be, no large dog will hurt a baby dog, though he may give him a good shake by way of instructing him in respect for his betters.

The horse is not behind the dog in these forbearing ways, he appears also to have conceived the idea that children are weak, and in need of protection as well as indulgence. An old horse belonging to a carter in Fifeshire was particularly intimate with his large family of children, and when they were playing among his feet would on no account stir one of his great hoofs, for fear of doing them an injury. From loving these children he grew to care for all little ones.

Once, when dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane near the village, a young child happened to be playing in the road, and would have unavoidably been crushed by the wheels had it not been for the conduct of the wise animal between the shafts. He carefully took it by the clothes, with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the wayside, moving slowly all the while and looking back as if to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it.

A gentleman who was in possession of an exceedingly vicious hunter happened to be relating some of his bad propensities to a party of friends at dinner. Among the various wickednesses of this horse his master mentioned the objection which he had to allowing his heels to be trimmed, which made it a task of great difficulty and danger for any groom.

During the course of conversation he defied any of his friends then present to perform the hazardous office, forgetting that his youngest boy, a child of about three years of age was listening. "Little pitchers have long ears." This juvenile was by no means so indifferent a hearer as might have been expected from

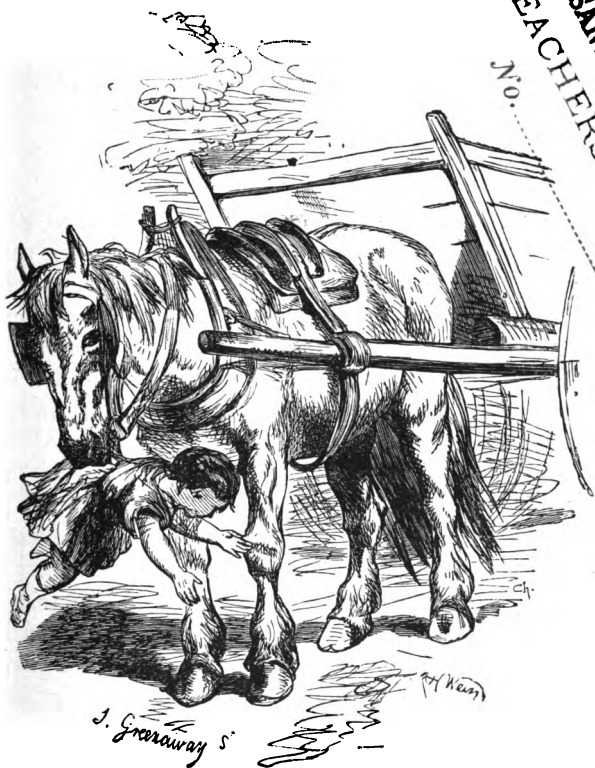
his tender years, for on passing by the stable next morning the father, to his unspeakable horror, discerned the infant sitting on the floor, busily clipping the heels of this outrageous animal with a pair of scissors, and absorbed in his delightful work.

The horse, instead of exhibiting his usual determined resistance to the operation, was looking round with the greatest complacency at his pigmy groom, whom the agitated parent expected to see struck dead every moment. At his father's call, however, he crept away from under the horse's legs altogether unharmed. No money could have purchased this noble creature from the delighted father after this incident.

Soon afterwards, when returning from a party at which he had drunk too much wine, he slipped from the saddle, and falling without injuring himself, went comfortably to sleep on the road. The horse, not guessing that men are so foolish and besotted as to make themselves insensible when they might be masters of their own intellect, doubtless thought that his owner must be ill. The faithful fellow, instead of scampering home, stood over the prostrate form, and by threatening with his teeth and heels, kept everyone from him till he had regained sufficient sense to set himself again in the saddle and proceed home. Which of these animals best deserved the name of *brute*?

An old white horse was to be seen a year ago feeding in a pleasant meadow on the outskirts of Bristol. He always came up to the gate on seeing strangers, appearing to feel that he had earned and deserved some petting and notice. The old fellow's history contained at least one striking point. He had saved

a baby's life. Threading his way through the crowded thoroughfare called Old Market Street, he spied what



A THOUGHTFUL ACT.

looked like a bundle, but was a poor infant, whose careless mother, perhaps under the influence of drink, had placed it in the middle of the road. Paus-

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ing in doubt as to what he should do, he looked around, then, seizing the shawl between his teeth, he carried its tiny contents to the pavement and put it gently down. Did he not deserve to end his days easily, in that sunny paddock, inviting the applause of passers by?

DIFFERENCE OF BREEDS.

IT would appear that horses were not used in early times for agricultural and commercial purposes, these drudgeries were imposed on the patient ox, ass, and camel, the more sensitive and spirited horse being reserved for warlike purposes only. Even in refined Greece and Rome he was merely yoked to the war chariot, placed under the saddle of the soldier, or trained for the race-course.

As civilization spread westward over Europe, the demands upon the strength and endurance of the horse were multiplied, and in time he was called to put his shoulder to the wheel in various ways. Indiscriminately he was compelled to draw carriages, wagons, or sledges, and to take part in cultivating the soil, and supplying men with bread, by drawing the plough and cart as well as by carrying loads to the mill. From being a warrior he has become a servant of all work, and certainly a more docile, steady, and willing assistant it would be difficult to discover.

But it is evident that the ponderous shoulder and firm step necessary for the wagon would not be exactly the thing for the swift mail-cart or carriage, nor would

the slow, steady place valuable in ploughing be any recommendation to the horseman who needed to travel far and fast. For these varied purposes men have selected different stocks, which either exist naturally or have been produced by a long and careful system of breeding. In a state of nature the horse assumes various qualities in point of symmetry, size, strength, and fleetness, according to the conditions of soil, food, and climate, which he enjoys.

It is thus that we have the Arabian, Tartar, Ukraine, Shetland, and other stocks, each differing widely from the others, so that the merest novice could not possibly confound them. Besides these primitive stocks, a thousand *breeds*, as they are called, have been produced by domestication, which it would require whole volumes to enumerate. In our own country, for example, we have such breeds as the Flanders, Norman, Cleveland, Suffolk, Galloway, Clydesdale, and Shetland; and of these, numerous varieties, such as may be required for riding, driving, hauling, and other purposes.

All this manifests the wonderful ductility of the horse, and proves how admirably he is fitted to be the companion and assistant of man, as the latter spreads himself over the tenantable parts of the globe. Whatever his size and form, the horse never loses his intelligence and goodness, though, of course, some horses, like some men, are naturally better tempered and more sociable than others, as well as more easy to be influenced and taught.

The little Shetland pony, who still runs half wild in the northern islands of Great Britain, has not lost the

natural sagacity of that character which his race possessed when entirely free. On coming to any boggy piece of ground—whether he is alone or with his master—he first puts his nose to it, and then pats it with one forefoot in a peculiar way, and, from the feeling and the sound which the blow makes, he can ascertain whether or not the ground will bear his weight. This makes him a valuable creature for children to ride, as this retention of ancient instinct makes him sensitive to danger.

In the same manner the Exmoor ponies can be trusted where it would be very unsafe to ride a horse. Nothing will induce one of these ponies to set his foot upon rotten ground, and they seem to know how to pick and choose their path across the wild moor by night or by day in a particularly wonderful and mysterious way. Often one of these shrewd ponies will turn aside from a piece of moorland which looks perfectly safe, and across which any rider would fearlessly urge his horse. It will always be found on examination that he has sound reasons for avoiding it; he ascertains, by means utterly incomprehensible, that marshy spots exist.

The time is not far distant when many of the hard avocations now fulfilled by the horse will be handed over to that monster of iron and steel, the steam engine. Already men use bicycles where once they rode; the plough that puffs forth vapour supersedes that drawn by the breathing quadruped, and the road traction-engine here and there takes the place of panting four-legged slaves. All this points to a day when horses will be the exception not the rule in our midst,

and the horseless cab and carriage will prevail. Men will improve their machinery instead of the breed of their horses, and considering how badly this noble helpmate of ours has, in the main, been treated by humanity, we cannot regret the change which puts him beyond reach of pain and sorrow,

“ Like a dead friend safe from unkindness more.”

UNRECORDED HEROISM.

WE are accustomed to hear a great deal of bragging in connection with men who have fought bloody battles, as if the wholesale murder of his brethren was a thing of which a hero ought to be proud. True heroism, however, is free from selfishness, and we cannot say that many of those whom the world's trumpet celebrates as heroes were seeking the good of others only. Many famous soldiers acted from a desire for self-glorification alone, and to their desire for idle fame, sacrificed everything and everybody else. Such a man as Napoleon contrasts very unfavourably with the noble horses whom he rode. These acted from a sense of duty and loyal obedience ; was their master ruled by any such motive ?

The triumphs of soldiers are recorded, but who thinks about the horses to whom they owe their victories to a great extent ? Wellington was a good master to his war steeds, and so conscious were they of his kindly consideration that a pat from his hand would re-invigorate his wearied charger, making him as fresh as if newly brought from the stable. Though Copenhagen, as he was called, had carried Wellington

for ten hours during the battle of Waterloo, and then after being well fed, for twenty-eight miles more, he was refreshed by this attention. The pat you may be sure was not grudged him.

Napoleon was merciless to his horses in the matter of training and discipline, and they were taught to undergo pains and terrors of all kinds without flinching, till the iron-hearted upstart's steed would stand calmly firm in the din of battle, like a carved statue, immovable as his stern master. Napoleon's favourite war-horse, Marengo, is still to be seen—all that remains of him—at the Royal United Service Institution, where his skeleton is preserved in the museum. One of his hoofs is made into a snuff-box, and is handed round the dinner-table every night at the Queen's Guard's repast in St. James's Palace. Such a destiny for the foot of a warrior makes one think of Shakespeare's satirical lines—

“Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.”

There is no time when the horse shows more plainly his sympathetic nature than in times of war ; he seems to become one with his rider, and instances have been known where he has assisted his master by attacking his antagonist's horse and tearing him with his teeth. In fact, a horse will so incorporate himself, as it were, with his master, as to take his quarrels upon himself, and make common cause with the race above him. It is no wonder that the ancients dreamt of a centaur, half horse and half man ; the fictitious monster was symbolic.

In showing sorrow for his wounded master, and in keeping watch over his remains should he fall, the horse is faithful as his canine fellow-creature. In one of Napoleon's campaigns a high officer of his army was killed in battle, and his horse at once stopped stock still, as if he had himself been shot. He refused to move from the place. During the entire battle he stood by his master's dead body. After the battle was over they went to remove the slaughtered men from the field, and a party of men approached the spot where this solitary mourner lingered.

But the moment that the men tried to touch the beloved remains, the horse attacked them furiously with both teeth and heels. At length the soldiers reported to Napoleon that it seemed impossible to remove this body without injuring the horse. Napoleon ordered a guard to protect the animal, and to watch what he would do. All through the night this mute sentry stood by the mortal part of his friend, waiting, waiting, waiting in vain for him to wake.

In the morning, as the sun rose over the hill and began to light up the awful scene of carnage, the blackened powder-blasted ruin of all that had been fresh and fair the day before, the poor creature stretched out his head to the motionless corpse, and sniffed it all over from head to foot. Then for the first time it seemed to dawn upon him that his master was dead, and with a cry of pain he dashed off at full gallop plunged into the river Danube, and was drowned.

WHAT MR. ANGELL TEACHES.

THAT great and good American, Mr. Angell, whose name will long be gratefully remembered as one who devoted his time and talents to the cause of the suffering creatures, gives many valuable hints as to what the friends of horses may do to help them when ill-used or misunderstood in the streets, recommending that no passer-by should see bad treatment without remonstrating. And as he thoroughly tested and tried all that he recommends, and does not merely preach doctrines he never practised, what he says is well worth attending to. The mere fact of stopping to say "I pity that horse," will often save a miserable creature from further abuse.

After giving much sound information as to the foolishness of disfiguring horses by cutting off their tails and blinding them with ugly "blinkers," the cruelty of shutting them up in stables without exercise, overloading them, underfeeding them, jerking their bits, depriving them of water, and putting on them the barbarous "bearing rein," he speaks of the sensitiveness of animals to the loud angry tones of a human voice. As an illustration of this he quotes an instance where a poor little bird fell dead in his cage on being roughly accosted by his mistress, who scolded him to shame her husband for shouting rudely at her. She did not think that her favourite canary would notice the change in her tones, and was equally astonished and grieved to see it flutter from the perch never to move again.

Again, a lady who kept an unfortunate wild bird in a cage was annoyed by his loud singing, and called to him in a violent tone to be quiet. In five minutes the bird was dead, quieted for ever by a few harsh words. All animals are more or less put into an agony by loud noises and abusive language, and a single rough word will cause the pulse of a horse at once to record ten or twenty more beats to the minute than it ought. The fright is wearing out his heart's action ; it is no fancy to say that abuse "*breaks his heart*," it is a fact.

All the lower creatures know the tones of our voices, their sense of hearing is much keener than our own—it is sharpened by being obliged to listen in order to find out things which they cannot ask questions about. Mr. Angell relates that General Walker, President of the Institute of Technology, told him of a visit which he had just paid to California, where he saw perhaps the most valuable collection of horses in the United States. They all belonged to an ex-governor and senator of the United States, named Leland Stanford, and were all so gentle that they would come up and put their noses on his shoulder, or rub them against his face.

When asked, "How do you contrive to have your horses so gentle?" the governor said, "I never allow a man to speak unkindly to one of my horses, and if a man swears at one of them I discharge him on the spot."

An anecdote related by the same good-hearted man proves how much better gentleness succeeds than blows. One day a young Irish lad was seen to emerge from a yard with a heavily-laden wagon of coal.

The road from the yard to the house at which the fuel was to be delivered was steep and winding. It was a hard pull for the horses, and when about half-way up they gave in. The foremost horse, whose name was Billy, turned round as much as to say, "We can't drag this any further, it's no use trying."

The driver led Billy to his place and then mounted his seat, took up the reins once more, and tried to urge his horses on. As it was near sundown he wanted to get through his work that he might go home to supper. But Billy shook his head and turned round a second time against the wheel horse—he would not move a step up the hill. He glanced back at the wagon as if he wished to say, "I can't move that load, and I won't even try."

The driver got down from his seat and came and patted Billy on the head, and coaxed him. He knew that it was a hard tug for the horse, and so he did not whip or scold him. Billy shook his head still, and then the driver threw his arms round the horse's neck, gave him two or three loud kisses on the face, and led him gently once more to his place forward. "Billy," he said, "you'll try, won't you? I want my supper, and you want yours too. Now try, there's a good fellow."

Again he took the reins and mounted. Billy looked round at his master, and then at the wagon, but this time with a different expression in his eyes. "Gee up, gee up!" Off started Billy and the wheel horse both together, and in no time the loaded wagon was at the top of the hill. On the way there they had a good rest with a stone behind the wheel, and the driver

again got down, went to Billy, and gave him a good loving hug with both arms round his neck. Soon the coal was emptied, and all parties went off to supper.

This lad was not only kind but wise—if he had used the whip it might have been an hour before he could have got Billy to stir. He knew that the law of love was the strongest in the world.

TALKING WITH ANIMALS.

IT was no wonder that Mr. Angell found good friends in the animals he met, for he was ready to meet them as such, and he gives as a reason for it that "they are poorer than the poorest boy or girl," and so in great need of a kind word. "Horses and dogs," he said, "don't have any money; no matter how hard they work, they can't buy an apple or a stick of candy, or even a lump of sugar, and so, because they haven't any money, I have been in the habit of talking for them and to them for a good many years for nothing."

The fact was, that from boyhood this kind-hearted man hardly ever passed a horse or dog without stopping to have a talk with him. Sometimes on the way to church with his good mother on his arm she would find herself brought to a sudden halt, and looking round to see what was the matter, would find that her son had stopped to say something to one of his four-footed friends who seemed to need it. When his mother said, "What will everybody think of you for stopping in the public street to speak to horses and dogs in this way; they will think you crazy;" he replied, "I don't care half so much what the people

think as what the horse or dog thinks." Mr. Angell rode a very spirited horse, who did not like to be ridden by anybody but himself. Sometimes it would be ten minutes before he would even allow a stranger to mount him, and often when the man had succeeded in doing so, "he wished he hadn't."

One gentleman who had a ride, afterwards reported that this horse had nearly broken his neck, and that he would not ride him again for any money. But he would stand like a lamb for the master he loved to mount him, and, once seated, Mr. Angell never touched the bridle, but only said "Now, old fellow, let's go."

The secret of all this was that this horse was always kindly treated and pleasantly spoken to by his master. If an apple tree were hanging over the road he would ride under it and give the horse an apple, and after a while he was as sharp at finding out apple trees as his rider was, or perhaps a trifle sharper. He would stop under the tree, and then if he didn't get an apple he would turn his head and look reproachfully at his master. Occasionally he got a bite of grass when on the road, and was always watered frequently.

He was a very jealous horse, and could not bear to see any other horse doing better than he could. One evening Mr. Angell was out riding with another gentleman, whose horse was a very fast trotter. In spite of all that his own horse could do, that of the other man always got ahead of him. The moment they stopped and got side by side he let his heels fly at the other, but the second horse dodged him. And yet, on looking out one morning, his master saw a little girl who could only just toddle along, standing

close to this horse's heels pulling his long tail as



A FAVOURED PLAYMATE.

hard as she could, and he was grazing quietly and seemed to enjoy it.

This spirit of emulation in the horse has been

noticed by those who have to do with racers. Inseparable from cruelty, as well as from other evils, as the so-called pleasures of the turf undoubtedly are, the horses enter into the excitement freely, and show that they can reason by the way in which they try to hinder the rivals whom they cannot outstrip.

When a horse in a race lays hold with his teeth of a rival who is getting ahead of him, and endeavours to keep him back, something more is shown in the act than crude instinct. Instances are recorded of this having been done by horses. A fine horse called Forrester, after having won several severely contested races, was matched against a horse of extraordinary speed called Elephant, belonging to Sir Tennison Shaftoe. The course which they had to run was four miles in extent, and as they approached the winning post Elephant was gradually gaining ground. Forrester made desperate efforts to overtake him, but, finding himself unsuccessful, he made a frantic plunge forward, and seized his antagonist by the jaw with such force that he could scarcely be made to quit his hold. Another incident of the same kind occurred when a splendid horse, belonging to Mr. Quin, became so disgusted at seeing a second horse about to win the race in front of him that he caught the other by the leg, and both riders were obliged to dismount in order to separate the animals.

These traces of ambition in the horse afford additional evidence of his highly organized and almost human nature. When applied to nobler pursuits than racing, this trace of emulation makes him a worthy comrade for a great man.

A KEEN SENSE OF HEARING.

THAT horses are fond of music anybody can see. It is quite common to find them enjoying the sound of a band in the street, even when they are going about arduous daily duties, and one would suppose they had no spirit left for noticing what passes around them. A musical voice attracts animals, and there is no manner of doubt that we may make them happy or miserable by the way in which we talk to them.

Mr. Stephens, in his "Book of the Farm," speaks in terms of commendation of this faculty, even in the common working horse, the least delicately treated of his kind, and notices the eager way in which he listens for words of approval which he guesses to mean something pleasant from the tone in which they are uttered. It is remarked of highly bred and cultured horses that, when at liberty in the field, they will draw near when they see two or more people standing together and talking, as if they wished to listen to the conversation.

The farm horse will not do this as a rule, but he is quite obedient to call, knows his own name readily from that of his companions, and will not stir when told to stand still till he hears himself called. Also a horse soon learns the meaning of many words, and would acquire a knowledge of many more if people would take the trouble to cultivate his powers and his eagerness to understand. Cart-horses show great intelligence in distinguishing between one sort of work and another, and will not only apply their strength and skill in the best possible way to meet altered con-

ditions, but readily understand the terms connected with different branches of labour.

In ploughing, the horse seems to know of his own accord that he must keep to a straight line, and he will go very steadily towards a directing pole and halt when his head has reached it. He seems also to have a sense of time, and will neigh at the right moment for leaving off work if by any chance he is asked to go on beyond the appointed hour for rest. He is not only capable of recognizing different tones in the human voice, but can even distinguish between musical notes. "There was a cart-horse of my own," says Mr. Stephens, "who would desist from eating, and listen attentively with pricked and restless ears and steady eyes the instant he heard the note C sounded rather low in the bass. He would continue to listen eagerly so long as it was sustained; and I had another horse who was similarly affected by a high note." The recognition of a bugle sound, and the excitement caused by it, is a familiar instance of the power which horses possess of discriminating between different musical sounds. They never mistake one call for another.

With this keen perception it is easy for horses to comprehend the meaning of the terms employed to direct them—and it seems a pity that this should not be done by the use of rational words instead of by the gibberish used by carters. This nonsensical rubbish shouted at the top of the driver's voice tends to stupify the horse, and to confuse his limited faculties. He is ready enough to obey commands, and intelligent enough to understand them in ordinary language. Not

long ago the present writer gave to the driver of a splendid horse a packet of biscuits, asking him to reward him with one at a time during his severe pull



I AM READY.

up a hill. "Oh, thank you, ma'am," said the man, "*I'll tell him.*" Sure enough he made the horse understand in a couple of whispered words what had happened, and the creature turned his gentle face to nestle his

soft nose into the hand of his benefactress by way of thanks.

When blind the horse becomes more sensitive, and more clever still, his other senses developing, to supply the place of the lacking one, till they are exquisitely keen. A blind coach-horse ran on the great North road for several years, and so perfectly was he acquainted with all the stables, halting places and other matters connected with his trade, that he was never found to commit a blunder. He was, of course, aided by his sharpened faculties of hearing and smell. He would never allow himself to be driven past his own stable at the proper hour for turning in, and at the sound of the coming coach he would turn out of his own accord into the stable-yard. But the most remarkable thing of all was, that though half a dozen coaches halted at the same inn, so accurate was his knowledge of time, or so sharp his ear for sounds, that he was never known to make a mistake. Never once did he attempt to come out till he heard his own particular coach, the "ten o'clock" in the distance.

SENSE OF DANGER.

ALL animals are gifted with a sense of danger which is a safeguard to them, and this, in the case of domesticated creatures, is also a safeguard for those who are working with them, or are mounted on their backs. It is well known that the elephant will refuse to cross a bridge which he considers unfit to bear his weight, and the horse has the same instinctive knowledge. In our roads and streets it is intensely painful

to see the struggling overladen horses, cruelly urged to do what their instinct teaches them will overstrain and injure their bodies. Unfortunately there is no law whatever to regulate the loading of horses, except certain regulations as to the width of the cart wheel as proportioned to the weight to be placed upon the vehicle.

Shod with iron hoofs, the horse finds terrible difficulty in pulling his load along the slippery artificial tracks of our towns, polished like glass, with a layer of ice laid over machine-made roads, or slippery with slime adhering to smooth wooden paving blocks. His sense teaches him that harm will follow his attempting to drag a load over such impossible places with his awkwardly shod feet. He knows that he must surely fall, or otherwise hurt himself. Would it not be wiser to listen to his common-sense instincts ; either roughen his feet, sprinkle the streets properly with grit, or put off his journey till better times ?

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

WE are not half grateful enough to these our humble allies for all that they undergo in adopting man as their master—man, with the restless roving spirit, who spares neither himself nor the animals under his charge in his endeavours to search out and to colonize the world.

Books of travels are filled with stories of what explorers and missionaries do and suffer for their fellow-creatures, or in order to gratify their own wandering and vacant minds ; but few of these volumes afford a

page or two for recording the privations and the achievements of the patient animals, to whose endurance much of the success of expeditions is attributable.

The good and earnest Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, was distinguished by his loving zeal for human souls, and no less for his solicitude as to the welfare of their bodies. But he did not save all the goodness of his heart for men and women, he loved every creature whom God made. This love of animals was a strongly-marked feature in his character. He used to tame and feed the mice that came into the cathedral vestry, and once a hen made her nest in his study at Bishop's Court. The Bishop considered that this feathery mother had paid him a great compliment, and made her very welcome.

The birds building in the thick creepers around his own house and that of St. George's Home were under his special protection. The half-starved dogs which abound in Cape Town, prowling about the streets like those in an Oriental town, homeless, ownerless, skulking in terror from men, seemed to know him and put aside their fears. When he found a beetle in trouble the Bishop would never leave it to die in the road, but would take it up and carry it to a place where its wondrous form would not be crushed under foot. All such lowly things, and many more could testify to his pitiful care for all living creatures.

"As to his horses," adds the Bishop's biographer, "he writes of them almost as if they were people, and he seemed to have almost a friendship for some of his long-nosed four-footed servants."

Not almost, but quite, must the friendship have been

formed, or he could never have sorrowed for their sufferings as he did. The Bishop's tender and strong love for animals was often tried by the sight of the poor horses and oxen whose carcasses were strewn all along the desert, and his journal of April 9th, 1850, records the illness of one of his own horses in a very characteristic manner. "I gave him a dose of Battly's opium, intended for me in case of tic in my head, mixed with some wine which M. le Sueur had been kind enough to put up for me. I slept but little, partly from the uncomfortableness of my bed, and partly from anxiety for my poor sick horse, who was tethered at my feet to the cart."

The next day he writes, "Our poor horse appeared better, so as to encourage me to proceed, but before we could arrive at water, where we could outspan, he became so ill that we took him out of the cart. I gave him laudanum, but to no purpose. We stayed by him till he died. I felt more on the occasion than I could have conceived, for, when one has no other companions, a man soon becomes attached to his horse.

"While moralizing on the carcasses of oxen that are strewed along the whole length of the road, I little thought that my poor horse would soon be added to the number. However, his lot may be better than that of his companions, who have some months of hard work before them, and some thousands of miles to travel before they return home. We saw to-day a poor ox lying helpless by himself, left by his owner to die in the desert, being unable to go any further."

It is very beautiful to see how this servant of God claimed kinship, in a certain sense, with his lower

brethren, the humble beasts of burden, ascribing to them that human feeling of "not liking to die alone." One cannot help thinking that, like the holy Dr. Neale, Bishop Gray must have lifted his heart in prayer to their Creator for his stricken creatures. One of the many popular hymns by this author begins,

"All creation groans and travails,
Thou, O Lord, shalt hear its groan."

IN THE FAR NORTH.

BUT it is not only amid the thirsty southern lands that the horse must suffer for man's roving disposition. An interesting writer gives an account of the passage up the frozen Gulf of Bothnia, accompanied by a pathetic incident connected with one of the creatures who assisted in drawing sledges across the ice to Finland. The distance across is forty-three English miles, thirty of which you travel without touching land.

A rough road it was, indeed, which those sledges had to traverse, and it was not without much fatigue and pain that the horses were able to pursue their way. At every moment the sledges were overturned upon the uneven ice, and frequently the legs of one of the company, raised perpendicularly in the air, were a signal to the whole party to halt.

The inconvenience and the danger of the journey was still further increased by the following curious circumstance. The horses were made wild and furious both by the sight and smell of the great fur pelisses, manufactured of the skins of Russian wolves or bears ;

when one of the sledges was overturned, the horses that belonged to it, and to that next to it, frightened at what they supposed to be a wolf or a bear rolling on the ice, would set off at full gallop, to the great terror of both passenger and driver.

The peasant driver, apprehensive of losing his horse altogether in the midst of the icy desert, kept firm hold of the bridle, and suffered the horse to drag his body through masses of ice, of which the sharp points threatened to cut him in pieces. The animal, wearied out at last by the persistency of the man, and disheartened by the obstacles constantly opposed to his flight, would stop. Then the travellers were enabled to get into the sledges and try again, but not till the driver had blindfolded the animal.

One of the horses, the most wild and spirited of the train, succeeded in making his escape. Relieved from the weight of the man, for his driver had been unable any longer to endure the strain and fatigue of holding on to his bridle, this creature redoubled his speed and surmounted every impediment, though still attached to his sledge. This entanglement added wings to his flight, for though he made it dance in the air, he could not get rid of it.

So swiftly did he traverse the icy plain, that he seemed to disappear into the air, and the peasant who owned him, taking another of the sledges, started in pursuit. Meanwhile the rest of the party made the best of their way onward through the desolate region. During the whole journey they did not meet with a bird, beast, or other living creature, to break the awful loneliness. The dead silence that reigned around was

broken by nothing but the whistling of the wind against the points of ice, and sometimes by a loud cracking sound when they were torn away and blown to a distance.

All the while they were kept in anxious suspense about the fugitive horse, supposing him to have been lost in some abyss; the party had given up hope of seeing him again, when, to their inexpressible delight, the sledges which went in pursuit of him, re-appeared with the missing animal. He was in the most deplorable condition imaginable, his body covered with sweat and foam, and enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Nobody dared to go near him, the excessive fatigue of his violent course had not abated his wildness, he was as much alarmed at the sight of the fur pelisses as before.

He snorted, bounded, and beat the snow and ice with his feet, nor could the utmost exertions of the peasants to hold him fast have prevented him from dashing off again, had not all the fur-wearing men withdrawn to some distance, so as to remove the sight and scent of the objectionable garments.

In a domesticated state horses often become panic-stricken by things which we little guess to be objects of terror to them. We cannot enter into the ideas which lie at the root of their terror, but we can, at any rate, grasp its reality, and try to soothe, rather than aggravate it.

HOW TO TREAT HIM.

THE foregoing anecdotes represent but a small fraction of those which might be gleaned, for anyone who notices horses may see them do wonderful things every



HELPING HIMSELF.

day. Enough has been said, however, to show how very mistaken, how very cruel, how very ungrateful, is the treatment to which horses in this country are com-

monly subjected. Here we have an animal whose character resembles that of a human being in many points. The horse is brave in the truest sense of the word, that is, his courage does not come from a coarse insensibility to danger, but from a noble effort to overcome sensitiveness and timidity.

He is gentle, as the stories prove which tell how tenderly he regards little children ; he is obedient, which is the sure test of a fine nature, when that obedience is shown to a superior and yielded through love and respect, not from slavish fear. No horse will be a willing slave ; when he is ground down by misery and his spirit is crushed he works, it is true, but never does it heartily.

Though fitted by nature to be the servant of man, and endowed with peculiarities which make it easy for him to endure great varieties of climate and to submit to discipline, he is meant at the same time to be something more. Not only does he give up his will to his master, and suffer himself to be guided by a mere touch of his hand ; but he seems to consult his inclinations and to read his thoughts, to become, in a certain sense, one with him.

As regards his power of affectionate devotion it has been proved that he delivers up his whole powers to his human friend, he reserves nothing, and will die rather than disobey. It has also been seen that he stands by his master in time of trouble, is "faithful unto death," forgetting his own pains and privations, and losing himself as it were in the sense of another's woe.

But the horse not only suffers with his master, he

rejoices in his joys, shares his pleasures, and is just as much delighted to carry him as the rider is to be carried. His intellectual capacity is by no means to be despised. He is gifted with wonderful powers of observation, which lead him to do feats beyond human reach, such as telling the time without a clock, remembering any road after traversing it once, finding his way across waste lands where no track can be found by human beings.

Horses also evince a considerable degree of judgment and reasoning faculty, for to what other cause can we attribute such an act as the following? A rather ill-tempered animal, who had probably been made so by his groom, used to fling a wooden ball at him which was attached to his halter. He did this, says Professor Romanes, by flexing his fetlock and jamming the ball between the pastern and the leg, then throwing the ball backwards with great force.

Another horse mentioned by the same author was very clever at slipping his halter after he knew that the groom was in bed, though he pretended innocence while he was present. This animal would draw out two sticks in the pipe of the oat-bin, so as to let the oats run down from the bin above upon the stable floor, he would turn the water tap when he wished to drink, and pull the cord to open his window on hot nights. All these actions show thinking power, and, to a certain extent are reasonable, like those of a human being.

On a farm near Ontario there is a horse, belonging to the farmer's wife, who has earned immunity from work for the rest of his life by saving that of his mistress. Seeing her fall off a plank bridge into a deep

stream, he rushed to her assistance, and held her up with his teeth till help arrived. Was this reason or instinct? The fact is, that we can draw no line between reason and instinct, for the former is but a development of the latter.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this. The horse is our brother—our strong, grand relation, glad to bow his splendid neck to our yoke, proud and pleased to eke out our feebleness with his might, delighted to help our tardy pace with his graceful fleetness.

That, as regards his mental endowments, he has the simplicity of a little child ought to endear him to us all the more, and make us very careful not to take a base advantage of his almost infantine mind. Pleased with sugar-plums, glad to play, with a heart that leaps at a caress, what is he but a big baby, uniting the strength of a giant with the mental powers of a child? If this view of the horse is correct, and an accurate study of his physical, moral, and intellectual powers seems to endorse it, that person is little to be envied who ever speaks to him harshly, lashes him severely, or urges beyond his powers an animal so willing and so obedient, and one whose help has been so essential to human progress. He who bullies a woman, or hurts an infant, is a ruffian; but a man seems even a worse coward in taking advantage of the helplessness of animals, who have no appeal whatever against either his menaces or his inflictions.

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